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5 Cents.

SECRET SERVICE.

THE BRADYS

AMONG THE CHINAMEN

OR THE YELLOW FIENDS OF THE OPIUM JOINTS

AND OTHER STORIES

By A New York Detective



He pushed Hop Chow aside with such violence that the rascal was slammed up against the wall hard enough to pain him. Giving a yell of rage, he pulled a dagger.

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OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES

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The Bradys Among the Chinamen

— OR —

THE YELLOW FIENDS OF THE OPIUM JOINTS

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE

CHAPTER I.

THE HEAD IN THE BASKET.

"How mysterious! That man will bear watching. He is trying to avoid attention."

"Get back in the doorway, Old King Brady, and we'll find out what he is doing."

"There, he's under a street-lamp. By Jove! he's a Chinaman."

"I wonder what he has got in the basket he is carrying on his arm?"

"Something he doesn't want seen. See how he hides it every time any one comes along."

The speakers were a man and a boy, known in the Secret Service as the Bradys. They were partners. All the crooks in New York knew they were the smartest detectives on the force.

Lurking in a doorway at twelve o'clock that cold October night, they were keenly watching a solitary man coming up Twenty-fourth street from the East River toward them.

He was evidently a Mongolian, and his actions were very peculiar.

The moment he saw anybody approaching he hastily concealed himself until the pedestrian had passed. Then he emerged from his cover and crept along in the densest shadows, stealthily watching to see that no one observed him.

The Bradys had been making a casual round of the East Side dives, with no particular object in view, and were on their way home when they discovered the Chinaman.

As they crouched back in the gloomy hall of a dilapidated old tenement, it might have been seen that James Brady, the eldest, was an odd-looking man.

He had a smooth face, and upon his white hair he wore a huge felt hat. His big, powerful body was clad in a tight blue frock coat, his thick neck was covered with a standing collar and a black stock, and he had a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

Harry Brady, his pupil, was a sturdy youth, whose clothes were patterned after those worn by his friend. He was a ladsome, dashing fellow, and knew no fear.

Some years before Old King Brady made the boy's acquaintance and humored his ambition to become a detective by teaching the youth all he knew about it.

Thus they became partners, and a warm friendship, akin to that between a father and son, had from the beginning existed between them.

It was always the desire of Young King Brady, as the boy was known, to excel his tutor, and a friendly rivalry thus existed constantly between the famous pair.

Ignorant that these man-hunters were sharply watching all his actions, the mysterious Chinaman came gliding toward them, and finally reached the place where they stood.

Springing from the doorway, the detectives each grasped him by an arm.

A smothered cry of alarm escaped the heathen and he dropped his basket to the sidewalk.

"Ow!" he exclaimed. "Whatee want?"

"We want you!" grimly answered Old King Brady.

"Me lun away. Yo' no sarvy poo' Chinaman no glot some money allee samee, an' yo' takee he money, me hollee, an' clop makee allest yo', mighty blame soon!"

"You yell for a cop, and he'll laugh at you."

"Sure," despondently assented the Mongolian, raising his hands in the air with a meek token of submission. "Allee light. Yo' no findee some money lillie bit, 'cause none inee clothes. Yes. Poo' Chinee had a club, hitee yo' head hard belly much!"

"What have you got in the basket?"

"Me? Dat washee-washee."

"Let me see."

"It was tied down with a string, and Harry said, with a suppressed smile, to Old King Brady:

"You'll have to cut it open."

"Lend me your pocket-knife."

The beady, bright, slant eyes of the Chinaman were eagerly watching every movement they made, and he quietly lowered his hands.

Noticing that they were not for a moment paying any attention to him, he suddenly flung out both hands with all his strength.

Catching the detectives unawares, and landing heavily upon their breasts, he shoved them apart with such extreme violence that Harry reeled into the middle of the street, and Old King Brady lost his balance and fell to the pavement.

As quick as a flash the wily Chinaman dashed into the hallway where they had been concealed, rushed through to the rear yard, and sped back to the fence.

When Harry came tearing along in pursuit of him, he reached the yard just in time to see the Mongolian going over the fence with the agility of a cat.

"Hold on there, you villain, or I'll shoot at you!" shouted the young detective angrily. But the terrified Chinaman paid no heed to the threat, and vanished in an open lot on Twenty-third street, where a new stable was about to be built.

Harry went after him, but when he reached the next street the Mongolian had vanished. By springing aboard of a west-bound car he had been whirled away just in the nick of time. Young King Brady did not spend much time looking for the fugitive.

His curiosity about the contents of the basket had been aroused.

Anxious to see what it contained, he hastened back to his partner and cried:

"The yellow rascal gave me the slip."

"He was a keen, clever fellow, Harry."

"Did you open the basket?"

"No. I was waiting for you to return. I'll do it now, though."

And so saying the old detective severed the strings and raised the lid.

A stifled cry of astonishment escaped them as they peered into the basket.

For a dreadful object met their view.

It was a human head!

The white hair and beard and classical features showed the detective that the victim was an old gentleman of refinement in life.

"Good gracious! Is this a murder mystery, Harry?"

"Can't be anything else," the boy answered.

"I'm sorry you lost that Chinaman."

"He might have shed some light on this case."

"It's no wonder he was so cautious and anxious to keep this thing concealed."

"Examine the ghastly relic. See how he met his death."

Old King Brady complied, using the greatest care.

When he finished he exclaimed:

"I first had an idea a boat wheel cut this head from the trunk, and that the Chinaman found it floating in the river. But the cut belies this idea. Look at it yourself. It is a clean cut, done with a sharp knife, and the backbone has been severed at a joint with the skill of an experienced hand."

"You believe the head was cut from the trunk with a knife?"

"Just so. It's a self-evident fact. In a word, if this man was not killed before he was beheaded, he must have perished a victim of decapitation."

"Don't the Chinese usually behead their victims in their native land?"

"Assuredly they do. It's a Chinese custom."

"That would make it seem as if this Mongolian killed the old man in the approved fashion of his countrymen."

"So I thought at once."

"In that case, we must find that Chink and bring him to justice."

"As we gained a good view of his face and form, that ought to be an easy job."

"Perhaps. Let's carry this thing over to the morgue, foot of Twenty-sixth street."

"Very well. We can then report the matter to our chief."

And picking up the basket, they carried away the horrible relic.

Leaving it with the morgue-keeper, they gave him a report of how it came into their possession, and departed.

While going to Secret Service headquarters Harry said to his partner:

"Chinamen look so much alike to our race that it is sometimes very difficult to tell them apart. Do you think you would know the fellow who had that basket if you were to meet him again?"

"Oh, yes," replied Old King Brady. "He was a very intelligent fellow. I noticed, though, that he was an opium fiend. There is always a peculiar look about the eyes and features of a slave to that drug. I've seen so many I can tell them the moment my glance falls upon them. Didn't you notice the half-moon shaped scar on the side of his scalp?"

"I was just going to mention that distinguishing mark," said Harry, with a smile. "It's a clew by which he could always be recognized, as he keeps most of his skull shaved, and has his pig-tail coiled on the crown of his head under his black felt hat."

"By haunting the opium-dens in Chinatown and other parts of the city, we will be pretty sure to find that man when we go to look for him. And it is almost a certainty that we will never find out the mystery of the head in the basket unless we can wring a confession from that man."

"That will be a tough job," said Harry. "There is no one from whom it is harder to get information than a Chinaman. They are very deep and foxy, pretend not to understand English when you ask them a question they don't want to answer. Moreover, if a culprit belongs to the Hatchet Society, or the Highbinders, all his friends will protect him, if it costs their lives."

They finally reached the Central Office and met their chief, who was sitting at his desk, writing and smoking a fragrant cigar.

"Ah! the Bradys. Just the men I wanted. Glad you've come in. I've got a job for you. It's a puzzling murder mystery. Where in the world have you been?"

"We caught a Chinaman walking through the street just now carrying a basket on his arm which contained a dead man's head," said Harry.

The chief's eyes opened wide with astonishment upon hearing this.

He asked the young detective for the particulars, and Harry detailed the occurrence. When he finished, the chief reflected a few moments, and said:

"Very singular. You ought to find that Chinaman and arrest him. Perhaps you will in due time. But I wish you would let that matter drop for a while and investigate a report which the police sent in to-night."

"What was it?"

"To-night a man was found murdered in his bed under the most mysterious circumstances. He was a wealthy retired merchant named George W. Remington, and he lived at No. — East Twenty-seventh street with his step-son, Fred Thorn, and his daughter Dolly. The old man was stabbed to death, and not a thing was stolen. Robbery not being the motive for the deed, the police are greatly puzzled to know why the man was killed, and have asked my advice and aid."

"We shall go over there at once," said Harry promptly.

"Do, and if you learn anything important, let me hear from you as soon as possible."

The Bradys nodded, and after a few more words hurriedly left the office.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSING BODY.

The residence of George Remington proved to be a stately mansion, in an aristocratic neighborhood. Dim lights were glowing in all the windows. Beside the house was a yard which ran back to a stable on Twenty-eighth street.

As the Bradys ascended the stoop to ring the bell, a cab came dashing up to the house at such a furious rate of speed the attention of the detectives was drawn toward it.

Before the house stood a street lamp.

As the cab pulled up before it, Old King Brady quickly stepped into the vestibule, pulled Harry in after him, and muttered, as he peered out cautiously at the carriage:

"Keep under cover till we see who this is."

He observed that it was a public hack, somewhat dilapidated, drawn by a big gray horse, and driven by a red-headed, smooth-faced man in green livery.

The door was flung open and a young man alighted.

He handed the driver a bank-note, and they heard him say in hurried tones:

"There's fifty dollars. Does it satisfy you, Pat?"

"It's more nor I expected, Mr. Thorn," replied the cabman.

"Remember your oath to keep silent about this night's work."

"Sure, an' it's Sing Sing I'd be afther gittin' if I opened me mouth, sor."

"That's a fact. I hope you'll recollect that at all times."

"Anything more, sor?"

"No. You may go, Muldoon."

"Good-noight ter yer, sor."

And cracking his whip, the cabman drove rapidly away.

The Bradys were surprised to hear what the pair said.

It plainly told them that Mr. Thorn had employed the driver to do some secret work for him which was so unlawful that the cabman could go to prison for it.

Learning from Pat Muldoon's talk that his passenger was Fred Thorn, the step-son of the murdered man, the detectives carefully sized him up.

About thirty years of age, tall and slender, he was fastidiously clad in stylish clothing, a silk hat, and a dark spring overcoat.

He had a handsome, but dissipated face, a black mustache, and dark eyes.

As he ascended the stoop, withdrawing a latch-key from his pocket, the two detectives stepped from the vestibule before him.

Uttering a startled cry, he paused and demanded sharply:

"What are you fellows doing in that doorway?"

"Just about to rug for admittance," replied Old King Brady quietly.

"Indeed! This is an unseemly hour for callers."

"Our business is of vital importance."

"Name it."

"Detectives."

"Ah! More of you, eh?"

"The others who called here were from the police department."

"What are you—private detectives?"

"Secret Service men."

"Your names?"

"We are the Bradys."

A startled look flashed across Thorn's dark face.

He knew the reputations of these men, and stared hard at them a moment.

They noticed that the mention of their name excited and made him nervous, and although they wondered at it, they made no comment.

After a moment's silence Thorn demanded, somewhat roughly:

"What do you want here?"

"To investigate the murder of Mr. Remington."

"Couldn't the police attend to that?"

"They've turned the job over to us."

The young man frowned and compressed his thin lips, reflected a moment, and inserting his key in the lock, he said in brief, icy tones:

"It's a nuisance and an annoyance having so many of you fellows racing here all the time, prying into our family affairs. But I presume we have got to submit to it in order to secure justice for the infamous crime committed against my poor father——"

"Step-father, you mean?" corrected Old King Brady, pointedly, as he fixed a keen, penetrating glance upon the white, chalky face of Fred Thorn.

"You are very particular," sneered the young man.

"It's best to be correct in these matters," dryly answered the old detective as they followed him into the hall. "It makes a vast difference, from a legal point of view, what your relationship to a person is, you know."

"What are you driving at?"

"For instance, if Mr. Remington left no will, his fortune would go to his nearest blood relations, if he never adopted his step-son."

Their glances met, and they understood each other; Thorn realizing that the detective suspected him of designs on the dead man's fortune, and Old King Brady seeing that his suspicion was correct.

With an ugly scowl, Thorn said gruffly:

"This is no time or place to discuss that. Tell me what you want to do first?"

"Question Dolly Remington."

"Won't I do?"

"No, not yet."

"She may have retired. I'll——"

But just then a sweet, girlish voice at the top of the stairs broke in with:

"I'm up, Fred, and I'll be right down to see the gentlemen."

"All right," Thorn blurted out, with an expression of chagrin on his features.

And down came the murdered man's daughter.

She was about eighteen years of age, short and slender, clad in a black dress which strongly contrasted the milky whiteness of her skin and the beauty of her light, yellow-colored hair.

Dolly Remington was a very pretty girl, with frank blue eyes, a dainty Grecian nose, and laughing red lips which parted over the most perfect teeth.

But there was a shade of extreme sadness in her looks and a pathetic air in her actions which aroused the detectives' sympathy for her at once.

"In what way can I be of service to you, gentlemen?" she asked in low tones.

"We want some information about your father's affairs, Miss Remington," the old officer replied in a kindly way as he sized her up.

"I shall willingly tell you all I know," she answered.

"To begin, then, had your father any enemies?"

"None whatever."

"And you are sure no robbery was committed by his slayer?"

"Positive of it."

"How did the crime occur?"

"For some time he was bedridden with rheumatism, and kept in the back parlor. At ten o'clock I was upstairs in my room, and heard him shout for help. Mr. Thorn had gone out before eight o'clock; it was the cook's day off, and the chambermaid had retired to her room in the attic. I rushed downstairs and entering the back parlor, I found my poor father lying on the back in bed with a dagger buried in his heart. The horror I endured was dreadful and I nearly fainted. I looked for the assassin, but the wretch was gone."

"How did the young man get away?"

"Probably the same way he entered—through one of the rear windows, which stood wide open. I'll show you the room when you are ready."

"Very well. A few words more, first, if you please."

"Proceed, sir."

"Tell me what happened next."

"I aroused the chambermaid and sent her out for a policeman. Then detectives began to arrive, and the place was examined and I was closely questioned. At half-past ten or eleven Mr. Thorn came in and heard the news. He remained until all the officers had gone, and then went out to telegraph the news to my relations."

"And he hasn't been back till he just arrived?"

"No, sir. And our Chinaman hasn't come in yet."

"Your Chinaman?"

"I mean Sam Wah, our cook."

"Oh, I see. Your father employed a Chinese cook named Sam Wah?"

"That's it, exactly."

"Does he live in this house?"

"Oh, yes. Sam is a good cook and was devoted to my father."

"Does he usually stay out as late as this?"

"Sometimes. He has a latch-key. He goes to call on his friends in Chinatown, and said he was going to the Chinese theater in Doyers street. As their plays last very long, he was apt to remain away very late."

"That will do for the present. We would now like to see the scene of the crime."

"Follow me," replied the girl. "My father still lies in his bed."

She led them along the hall and opened a door at the rear. They stepped into the back parlor, in which a gas jet was dimly burning.

It was a spacious room, elegantly furnished as a sleeping apartment.

The girl silently pointed at it.

Understanding by this that they could view the body of the murdered man, the Bradys approached the bed and glanced down at it.

The next moment the old detective exclaimed:

"Where is the body?"

"In the bed," answered the girl.

"No, it isn't."

"It isn't?" she asked in startled tones.

"No!"

Dolly Remington rushed to the bedside.

She gave one startled glance at it and recoiled, crying excitedly:

"Mercy! The corpse is gone! Somebody has stolen it! It was here an hour ago."

The Bradys were astonished.

Glancing at each other, they realized that something startling had happened.

The face of Fred Thorn was reflected in the bureau mirror, and they were amazed to observe a sarcastic smile upon his white features.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER SUSPICION.

"Do you mean to tell me that your father's body has been removed from this bed during the past hour, without your knowledge, Miss Remington?" asked Old King Brady in tones of astonishment.

"That is exactly what I mean, sir," replied the girl emphatically.

"You asserted that only you and the chambermaid occupied this house during the time Mr. Thorn was absent. Are you quite sure no one else was in here?"

"I am certain no one that I saw was in here."

"Has that window been left standing open?"

"Nothing was disturbed since the discovery of the crime."

"What sort of looking man was your father?"

"I'll show you his photograph."

She passed into the front parlor and returned with a cabinet picture in a gilt frame.

Handing it to Old King Brady, she said:

"This is a good likeness of him."

The detectives glanced at it, and gave a cry of surprise.

"Thunder!" Old King Brady fairly shouted.

"It's a picture of the man whose head we found!" Harry muttered.

"Do you recognize it?" demanded Old King Brady, eagerly.

"Yes, indeed!" the boy answered.

"What can this mystery mean?"

"I'm puzzled."

Thorn and the girl were listening with a perplexed look on their faces.

Finally Dolly asked the veteran officer:

"Did you know him?"

"We've seen him before," evasively answered Old King Brady.

He did not wish to shock her by telling how he and his partner had found her father's head being carried through the streets in a basket by a Chinaman. But it made him ask her to describe Sam Wah.

She complied so accurately that when she finished, Harry exclaimed:

"Old King Brady, the Chinaman carrying that basket was Sam Wah!"

Dolly Remington heard what the boy detective said.

The look of perplexity upon her face deepened, and she demanded:

"What do your strange remarks mean?"

"I don't understand you," Harry answered.

"Then I'll make my meaning plainer," she answered. "I heard you say, when I showed you my father's photograph, 'It's a picture of the man whose head we found!' And now you say, 'The Chinaman carrying that basket was Sam Wah.' I'd like to know what you mean?"

The detectives glanced at each other.

Old King Brady made an almost imperceptible motion, which his partner saw and understood.

Young King Brady therefore replied with a smile:

"Miss Remington, I am not yet prepared to disclose my meaning to you; but we want you to understand this much: We found some clues relating to this case before we began work upon it. It is our intention to run down the murderer of your father, and put him in jail. Besides that, we intend, if possible, to recover the body of your father. To show you that we mean business, it is our intention to make an arrest right away."

"Then you suspect a certain party of this deed?"

"We do."

"Then arrest him. I want vengeance for my father."

"Very well. Fred Thorn."

"Sir?"

"You are our prisoner!"

And Young King Brady's hand fell heavily on the man's shoulder. With a startled look, and a cry of alarm, Thorn recoiled, shook off the boy's grip, and fairly yelled:

"What do you mean by arresting me?"

"I mean that we suspect you of complicity in this crime," said Harry, coolly, "and we are going to verify our surmise when we get you behind the bars. That's plain, ain't it?"

"You are crazy!" hissed the man, who grew white to the forehead, and he kept wetting his dry lips with his tongue, and the muscles of his eyelids began to twitch with nervousness.

"Quite sane, as you'll find out," said Harry. "Do you intend to submit quietly, or shall we put the ruffles on you?"

The man made no reply.

A deadly and baleful gleam shot from his dark eyes.

The amazed girl now cried in tones of deep distress:

"Surely, gentlemen, you have made some error. Remember that Fred is my step-brother. He certainly would not kill my father——"

"Hush!" interposed Harry. "Do not interfere, if you please."

She mutely recoiled a few paces.

Young King Brady advanced toward Thorn with a threatening air.

"Well," he demanded, "what are you going to do about it?"

"This!" replied Thorn, and he whipped a revolver out of his hip pocket. Dolly gave a shriek and rushed to the door.

"Thorn——" began Harry, angrily.

"Stand back there!" hissed the man, backing toward the open window, and aiming his pistol toward the detectives. "I'll blow your heads off if either of you move hand or foot!"

Neither of the detectives dared draw a weapon.

To do so might have sealed their doom.

It was clear that Thorn meant to escape, and this fact made them suspect more than ever that he was guilty of complicity.

Had he been an innocent man he would not have resorted to such desperate measures to escape. In fact, they theorized he would not have made any attempt to resist arrest.

Harry's bold bluff had made him show his hand.

When he reached the open window, he cried:

"You'll never take me on that charge, blame you!"

The next instant he leaped out the window upon a storm-shed, sprang to the ground, and rushing through the yard, he disappeared in the rear street.

When he was gone, Old King Brady laughed grimly, and exclaimed:

"He's a bird! Your bluff drew him out very cleverly."

"If he wasn't guilty and afraid, he wouldn't run away," answered Harry.

Dolly joined them, a troubled look on her face.

"This is dreadful!" she exclaimed. "Did he stab my father?"

"Can't say he did, but you saw the evidence that he must have had a hand in the game for gold," replied Harry.

"He certainly acted guilty."

"We verified our suspicions of him."

"But what game for gold do you allude to?"

"Do you know if he's a beneficiary under your father's will?"

"He isn't. He was such a spendthrift, and got so much money out of my father, that he was disinherited."

"I see. And you get all?"

"All but a few bequests to charitable institutions."

"Another question: Did he ever seek to marry you?"

"Yes; but I refused most emphatically."

"That's his graft!" chuckled Harry, winking at his partner.

"No doubt," Old King Brady replied.

"See here," said the boy to Dolly, "isn't he a sport?"

"I believe he is. I've heard my father angrily accuse him of gambling."

"Do you know whether he's a drug fiend?"

"No, I really can't say. Does he act like one?"

"He looks like an opium fiend. How does he act—bright or dull?"

"Sometimes he's keen enough, at times he has a sleepy air, and at night he sometimes raves, and walks in his sleep."

"He's an opium fiend, as sure as fate!"

"Do you think he will come back?"

"Not to-night. We'll be here all the rest of the night, so you need not fear him. Go to bed. You need rest after all this excitement."

She smiled wearily, and finally left them.

The detectives searched the house and grounds after she had gone.

In fact, it was nine o'clock next day ere their investigations were ended, and they made some important discoveries.

When they finished, Old King Brady said:

"Sam Wah hasn't returned yet?"

"No, and he's never likely to," replied Harry.

"What's your conclusion now about the murder?"

"I'm convinced it was done by a number of Chinamen."

"At Fred Thorn's order?"

"Likely enough. The numerous footprints of sandals in the soft ground outside the window must have been made last night, as they are so fresh. The only marks we found there made by a white man were those left by Thorn when he escaped."

"This much is evident so far," added Old King Brady. "Those Chinks entered the yard in Twenty-eighth street, beside the stable, came to this window, and killed the man. The double tracks show plainly that they returned afterward and carried the body away through the rear. Here's the knife that did the deed. They dropped it from the body while carrying it out past the stable. I picked it up there."

"It's a Chinese dagger, too," said Harry, keenly examining it.

"Undoubtedly. We must get among the Chinamen to locate the yellow fiend who committed this atrocious deed. It's our business to learn the motive for the crime. Once that mystery is cleared up, it won't be much trouble for us to lay a finger on the murderer."

"We have a clue already," said Harry. "Money was at the bottom of it, and Fred Thorn was the one who wanted to get it, too!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE YELLOW FIENDS OF THE OPIUM JOINT.

This is one of the worst opium joints in New York."

"I've heard it's as much as a man's life is worth to go into that dive with money."

"Still, we have got to examine the place, Harry."

"If we only were disguised——"

"Nonsense; the Chinamen won't recognize us."

"Then we must pretend to be opium smokers, Old King Brady," said the boy, as they passed before a dingy building in Mott street.

It was three days after the Bradys' call at the Remington mansion, and they had been very busy "piping off" the house, on the watch for the return of Sam Wah or Fred Thorn.

Neither of the suspects appeared.

Both were keeping under cover.

The Bradys had finally gone to Chinatown to hunt for the pair, as they felt sure both were "dope" fiends.

It was a storm-threatening night, and very dark.

There were colored lanterns hanging in front of many of the houses, big banners with pictures of hideous dragons flaunted in the breeze at the ends of flag-poles, and red and yellow streamers floated from the windows.

Occasionally the yellow denizens of the district skulked along the pavement conversing in guttural tones, others crouched in gloomy areas and alleys, peering out at the people passing by, and some passed in and out of the stores.

Close by was a chop-suey restaurant, the front decorated with gilt and silvered signs on broad bands of crimson paper.

There was a joss-house on the other side from which came a nasal chant, the squeaking of a one-string fiddle, and the dull rumble of a tom-tom, which invariably ended in the brazen clash of a pair of cymbals.

Some superstitious Chinamen had set fire to small incense-sticks and stuck them in crevices of doorways to keep out imaginary devils.

The Bradys paid no heed to this; they were used to it.

Both were watching the silent sentinels.

These fellows were gloomy-looking Chinese leaning against each doorway, their almond eyes glittering under felt hats, and their hands stuck up the loose, flowing sleeves of their blouses. They keenly scrutinized every one passing by.

"Most of them are guards over fan-tan rooms, opium-joints, and crooked dens," muttered Old King Brady. "They are very watchful. Every man who enters has to undergo a sharp glance. If they don't like his looks, by some mysterious process they alarm the habitues of the joints to get under cover."

"The chap in Hop Chow's doorway sees us," warned Harry.

"Go right in as if you was accustomed to it."

The boy nodded, and ran up an iron staircase.

The man in the doorway grunted, and as if by accident got in their way.

"Whatee do?" he asked.

"See Hop Chow," said Harry.

"Yep? Not lib here allee samee."

"Get out of the way, you yap!"

And Harry brushed by, followed by his partner.

The Chinaman grunted again, gazed into the dark hall after them a moment, lit a cigarette, and lounged back in his former position.

"Mus' be allee light," was his comment.

The Bradys climbed up a creaking flight of stairs to the next floor, and pushing open a door, they entered a big, gloomy room.

It was an opium joint of some pretension at style.

There was no carpet on the floor, but the bunks in which the smokers lay to hit the pipe were elaborately hung with portieres, and there were small ebony tables beside each one for holding the lamps, pipes and opium.

As the Bradys glanced around they observed that the place was well patronized by all sorts of people, and three Chinamen were attending to the wants of the fiends lying in the bunks.

A sickening odor from the cooking opium filled the atmosphere, and the little alcohol lamps glittered like fireflies all about the gloomy place.

Hop Chow, the proprietor, and Jim Kee, his helper, approached the Bradys, while the other Chinaman coiled an opium pill around the end of a steel knitting-needle and held it over the flame of a lamp.

He was rolling a wad to fit over the little hole in the top of the clay bowl of a pipe with a thick, bamboo stem and silver mouthpiece.

"Smoke?" demanded Hop Chow, briefly.

"Yes," assented Old King Brady.

"What kind?"

"The best opium. No seconds for us."

"One dollar."

"All right. Show us our bunks."

"Come 'long."

He led them to a compartment, beside which stood an opium tray on one of the little, low tables before alluded to.

Seizing the curtains, he pulled them aside.

A young girl was lying in the bunk fast asleep.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Chinaman, impatiently. "Some one here. Nex' one."

He was about to pull the curtains back, but with a cry of astonishment Old King Brady seized his hand, stopping him. Peering down at the sleeping girl, the old detective cried:

"Good gracious, Harry, it's Dolly Remington!"

"A victim of foul play, I'll bet. She's no fiend!" replied the boy.

"Go 'way!" ordered the Chinaman, trying to push them aside.

"Stop!" roared Old King Brady. Stop, you dog! We want that girl."

He pushed Hop Chow aside with such violence that the rascal was slammed up against the wall hard enough to pain him.

Giving a yell of rage, he pulled a dagger and cried:

"Yo' leavee glirl alone, an' glit outee here!"

"Put up that knife, confound you!" exclaimed Harry, fiercely.

"Me cutee you blame klick, you notee move!" asserted Hop Chow.

He evidently did not want them to interfere with Dolly, and flourishing his knife in a threatening manner, he advanced boldly toward them.

Jim Kee did not go to his aid, but the other Chinaman did.

The moment he turned around the detectives recognized him, and Harry cried:

"It's Sam Wah!"

He was the Chinaman from whom they took the head in the basket, and he had evidently thrown up his job as cook for the Remington household, and had gone into the employ of Hop Chow.

Armed with a knife, he rushed at the detectives, shouting excitedly:

"Fled! Fled! Come klick! Dey takee gal!"

Out of one of the bunks sprang Fred Thorn, dropping an opium pipe, and he pulled out a revolver and ran to the rescue of the Mongolians.

He recognized the Bradys at a glance.

A demoniacal expression swept over his pallid face.

"Those blamed detectives!" he growled. "I'm caught, but I'll fight!"

Just then Hop Chow aimed a blow at Harry with the knife, but the boy side-stepped, struck the dagger from his hand to the floor, and with one well-delivered punch sent the Chinaman down on his hands and knees.

Jim Kee made a rush for the crowd.

"Kill them—they are the Bradys!" roared Thorn. "They are detectives, and they've come to pull the place and make trouble!"

As soon as the Bradys' identity became known, the Chinamen became desperate. Sam Wah attacked Harry with a knife, while Old King Brady attended to the other desperadoes.

A terrible fight ensued.

Harry caught Sam Wah by the throat with one hand, and seizing the Chinaman's right wrist, he stopped him from using his knife.

Thorn made a desperate attempt to shoot Old King Brady, for he was in a frenzy from the opium he had been smoking.

The old detective leaped forward, and catching hold of his hand, he shoved the revolver upward just as the man fired.

A deafening report rang through the room, but the bullet was imbedded in the ceiling.

Then a furious uproar ensued.

The opium fiends leaped from their bunks, and a chorus of yells arose as they fled for the exits, under the impression that the place was being raided.

"You villain!" cried Harry, as he bore the man over backward so he fell with a crash upon the floor. "I'll teach you to stab me!"

And he tore the knife from Sam Wah's clutch and began to pound the heathen with his fists until the poor wretch yelled for mercy.

Jim Kee darted toward the gas fixture to turn out the light. Meantime, Thorn uttered a suppressed imprecation and cried:

"I'll fix you for interfering with me, Brady!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" retorted the detective.

He was possessed of herculean strength, and getting a grip on Thorn, he struck him in the bicep with his fist.

Thorn's arm was paralyzed for a moment.

The revolver fell from his nerveless fingers to the floor, and the next moment he was furiously struggling with the old detective on the floor.

Just then the lights went out.

Hop Chow yelled something in Chinese to his countrymen, and there came a rushing patter of sandaled feet crossing the floor.

Something struck Old King Brady on the head.

He instantly lapsed into unconsciousness.

Young King Brady heard him groan, but could do nothing to aid him, for just then a number of Chinamen jumped onto him.

A wild struggle ensued.

But Harry was no match for so many.

Before he knew it they had him bound and gagged, and he was a helpless prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

CHAPTER V.

UNDERGROUND CHINATOWN.

When Old King Brady came to his senses, he found himself lying on the damp floor of a gloomy cellar. Rats were rushing about the place all around him. There was a musty smell in the air.

Old barrels, heaps of rubbish, piles of ashes, broken boxes, and all sorts of discarded odds and ends littered the moldy floor.

Close by lay Harry.

The only light there was straggled through a street grating, and as it came from a lamp-post, it was quite dim, at best.

Owing to the Bradys being quite near to it, however, they managed to see each other, and the old detective gasped:

"Hello, Harry, this looks as if we were prisoners."

"We are," replied the boy. "I thought you were dead."

"I'm worth a dozen corpses. Ain't we in a cellar?"

"Yes—under the opium joint. How's your head?"

"Aches like fury. Who hit me?"

"Jim Kee knocked you senseless with a club."

"It's funny he didn't fracture my skull."

"You wouldn't be speaking now, if he had."

"No, indeed. Were you hurt?"

"Only my feelings. I'm bound hand and foot, like you."

"Confound them, they've beaten us at the start."

"Only for the time being, I hope."

"Yes, but they must have designs on us."

"Of course; nothing short of murder, too, I'm sure."

"(Chinamen hold human life very cheap.)"

They pondered a few moments in gloomy silence, for both felt deeply depressed over the turn events had taken.

Finally Old King Brady asked:

"What do you think of finding Dolly Remington here?"

"Looked as if she had been smoking opium."

"Don't believe it," returned Harry, decisively.

"Nor I. I only said it looked so. I really think she's been drugged and abducted. She's too good a girl to have such vices."

"The fact of Sam Wah and Fred Thorn being in the joint with her shows plainly that they had something to do with her being here."

"I was convinced of that the moment I saw them, Harry. But I'm perplexed to know why they've abducted the girl."

"Thorn is a villain. We have proved that. He has some deep object in view, of course. We must fathom his design."

"You talk as if we were out of the power of our foes."

"We shall be, won't we?"

"I hope so; but I'm at a loss to know how we are to accomplish it."

"First we must get rid of our bonds."

"Even if our limbs were free, how could we escape?"

"That remains to be seen."

"Well, how are we to sever our bonds?"

"I'll show you in a moment."

As Harry spoke he rolled over on the floor until he was beside Old King Brady, and then he exclaimed:

"During the scrap I picked up one of the Chinamen's daggers, and stuck it down the waistband of my trousers. I can fasten it on to you. Just hold the handle with your teeth; they'll place myself in such a position that you can easily cut my bonds. Come on, now!"

Old King Brady smiled.

The boy's astuteness pleased him greatly.

"You'll do!" he laughed. "I never saw such a clever fellow before. Your forethought is remarkable. It will be the means of saving us."

He easily found the knife handle and got it between his teeth.

Then he sat up, and Harry did the same, and turned his back to Old King Brady.

To cut the pieces of rope binding the boy's arms behind his back was easy.

No sooner were Young King Brady's hands at liberty, when he seized the sharp knife and freeing his ankles, he cut Old King Brady's bonds.

They both arose, feeling highly elated.

It was then discovered that not only had they been disarmed, but the yellow fiends had robbed them of all their money and valuables.

"They're a gang of thieves!" Old King Brady declared, angrily.

"We've got their knife, though," said the boy, suggestively.

"Now to find the way out of here?"

"We were dragged down three flights of stairs."

"Do you know where the cellar stairs are?"

"No. Lost track of them in this gloom."

"I wish we had our lanterns."

"Here are a few matches."

The boy struck a light and held it up.

A door in the wall met his view at one side, and a staircase on the other.

Voices from the other side of the door reached the detectives' ears.

"That door leads into the next building," exclaimed Harry, in surprise.

Old King Brady laughed quietly.

"Don't let that amaze you," he exclaimed. "Don't you know that there's an underground Chinatown which is really more extensive than the overground Chinatown the public sees?"

"I never knew it before," confessed the boy.

"Well, I've been acquainted with the fact a long time."

"What do you mean by it?"

"Simply this: Passages, tunnels and various other means connect all the Chinese district. They hide and escape from the police here. Most of their crooked work is done out of sight and hearing, so they won't be exposed. They are very wary and cunning in their methods."

The light went out.

In the gloom again, Harry asked:

"Which way shall we go? By ascending the stairs, we are almost sure to meet our late enemies, and as we are not armed, they'd outnumber and recapture us. If we can get into the next cellar, so much the better."

"May as well try."

They glided over to the door and listened.

From the other side came the hum of voices again.

"It's Fred Thorn!" whispered Harry, in some surprise.

"Listen to what he's saying," replied his companion.

They leaned against the rough wooden door and heard Thorn exclaim:

"I thought you'd never get here, Sam Wah."

"Me lun allee way from Hop Chow's house, alle light."

"Did the police raid the place?"

"No. Only Bradys."

"Is that all?" demanded the man, in surprise.

"Yeh. No clop inee sleet now."

"Well, they have a cast-iron nerve! But I suppose they saw us lure Dolly from home with a note from a supposed friend, pretending to have found her father's body. I doped her with ether in the cab, and you know how I carried her to Hop's joint. Is she yet in the bunk?"

"Eas' asleep."

"Good! We can lock her up in the pretty cage I've prepared for her now, and keep her there until she consents to marry me. There's no other way in which I can turn George Remington's fortune into my own hands."

The Bradys nudged each other upon hearing this revelation.

Now they knew how the girl got there, and what the object was of bringing her to Chinatown. It cleared up the mystery of her presence there.

They continued to listen, and heard Sam Wah laugh disconcertingly.

The Mongolian then said:

"Body nicee game. But too muchee work."

"Yes," admitted Thorn. "I've had a lot of work to reach that fortune in this roundabout way. Still there was no other method. Old Remington left me out of his will, you know."

"Now he's dead, and his body is sunk in the river, and I hope I'll have no more trouble, as long as we've got the Bradys in our power. After you and your Chinese friends got the body out of the parlor into the grocer's wagon, as I directed, did you weight the body?"

"So be," replied Sam Wah, nodding.

"And you drove aboard a Twenty-third street ferryboat and quietly dropped the corpse in the middle of the East River, as I ordered, didn't you?"

"Yep," assented the Chinaman, "but——"

"But what?"

"Gotee head."

"You got his head?"

"No do dat," replied Sam Wah, in tones of awe, "debbil come, eatee allee Chinaman."

"Fool!" cried Thorn, in tones of alarm. "Your pals cut off his head, and you brought it back to save yourself from the arch fiend?"

"Datee light," said Sam, in solemn tones.

"And where's the head?"

"Two clop glab it."

A suppressed cry of horror escaped Thorn.

He was terrified, and he demanded hoarsely:

"So the police have the head?"

"Do Bladys take it."

A groan of anguish escaped Thorn, and he cried despairingly:

"You fool, your crazy, superstitious fears have led to a complete exposure of our plot to the police. It's no wonder they are after us now. It's no wonder I'm suspected of having a hand in the trick. By heavens, you have bungled the job and laid all hands liable to arrest at any moment!"

"Whatee do now?" blankly asked Sam.

"Kill the detectives, to protect ourselves!" hissed Thorn, emphatically.

The Bradys smiled. They now knew his secret.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRESTING THE FIENDS.

The whole case was now plain enough to the Bradys, and when a deep silence ensued in the other cellar, Harry remarked in low tones:

"Now I understand the whole thing. Fred Thorn was a spendthrift, and old Mr. Remington got so angry at him that he disinherited his step-son. To retrieve his fortunes, Thorn proposed marriage to Dolly, and was rejected. Beaten on all sides, and driven to desperation, the villain formed a plot. He designed to kill his step-father; by so doing Dolly would be at his mercy. He calculated that she could be forced to marry him, if removed from her father's influence. With old Remington dead, Dolly would have the fortune he is scheming to get. He was too cowardly to do the crime himself, so he probably hired Sam Wah and his Chinese friends to murder the old man. He remained absent while the crime was being committed, to establish an alibi, in case he was suspected of the deed. When the Chinamen killed the old merchant, Dolly's arrival on the scene scared them away ere they could remove the body. When the first excitement blew over, the Chinese assassins returned and carried the body away in a wagon. They drove aboard a Twenty-third street ferryboat, to drop the corpse overboard, in order to destroy the evidence of their crime. The body was weighted, to sink it in the river. Sam Wah was with the gang. At the last moment the superstitious fears of the Mongolians got the best of them. Fearing some punishment from their imaginary devils, if they did not properly bury at least part of the body, they cut off the head, and Sam put it in a basket. He afterward came ashore with it, intending to bury it on land. It was then we nabbed him."

"You've got a correct idea of the whole job, Harry."

"Their mistake was in severing the head from the body."

"Chinamen," said Old King Brady, "are ancestor-worshippers. They do not believe in desecrating graves. Good and bad spirits govern all their actions. It was evident they thought they could please their demons by saving Remington's head, burying it with food enough to last it during a journey to the other world, and thus ease their consciences. It's a crazy idea; but we must not lose track of the fact that they are all opium fiends, with fevered and distorted imaginations. Look at the whole job from a practical point of view, and you'll find it's the product of a

pack of half insane men. In the first place, if Thorn's brain weren't saturated with opium, he would not have planned and executed such a crime. Sane and rational men don't do such things. It's too sensational. In the second place, the Chinamen would not have dared to hire themselves to that man, and do his bidding for money, if their imaginations had not been inflamed by the drug. In a word, the whole thing is merely the inception of a gang of irrational opium fiends."

"To recover the body must be out of the question."

"It may come to the surface when the gas generates, and overcomes the weights holding it down. In that case it may be picked up floating on the river."

"Even if we find it, who did the job? Not one of them will squeal."

"We must learn who were in the gang, then we may find out which one committed the deed. Thorn, being the instigator of the crime, is responsible for the whole thing. We needn't hesitate to arrest him the first chance we get. Our first care, to baffle his plan, must be to rescue the girl. He imagines he has got us in his power. In fact, he intends to have us killed, to remove us from his path. We know too much about his plans for his safety, and he knows it. That's why he wants to get rid of us."

"The two in the next cellar have ceased speaking."

"More than likely they've gone away."

"Let's see."

Harry quietly opened the door.

Peering through the crevice, they observed that the adjoining cellar was vacant. It was fitted up with some furniture.

A lantern and a deck of cards stood on a table in the middle of the place.

The detectives cautiously glided in.

A hasty search revealed a door behind a piece of matting, in the other wall, and they opened it and saw a laundry.

A Chinaman was in the room.

He stood at a big ironing-board sprinkling clothes by sucking up a mouthful of water from a bowl and blowing it out in a perfect spray all over the shirt he was then working at.

Old King Brady glided up behind him.

Suddenly catching the laundryman by the back of his neck with one hand, and by his right leg with the other, the detective raised him up from the floor.

A wild yell escaped the Chinaman.

Close by there was a great big clothes-hamper, with a lid.

Into it Old King Brady jammed the terrified man head first, and slamming down the lid, he fastened it with a wooden pin, and chuckled:

"He's a prisoner."

"Never saw us, either," laughed Harry.

"Come up through the cellar door at the front."

They darted out of the place, leaving the Chinaman howling for help in smothered tones, as he swayed the creaking basket to and fro in a wild endeavor to get himself free.

Reaching the street, the Bradys rushed for Chatham Square.

Two policemen stood on the corner who recognized the detectives.

"Hello, here's ther Bradys!" said one.

"Get four more men—quick!" panted the old detective.

"What's ther matter?"

"Going to raid a joint."

"We'll help yer," said the policeman.

He blew a whistle, and several officers came dashing from different directions toward them, gripping their long nightsticks.

"What's wanted?" was the general inquiry.

They were told as briefly as possible.

The Bradys each borrowed a revolver.

Like magic they were seen assembling, and in an instant the watchers in the doorways dashed inside to warn the inmates of the various dives.

The Bradys feared and expected some such move as this, and for that reason did not lose a moment.

"Follow us, and fight like fury!" was all the old detective said.

The next moment the whole crowd was rushing along the street, and reaching the opium joint, they sped in.

Finding the upper door fastened they broke it down.

Just as they rushed in they saw Jim Kee and Hop Chew rushing toward a rear door with the body of Dolly Remington, whom they had lifted from the bunk at Thorn's order.

In fact, Thorn and Sam Wah stood in the doorway.

Their lookout had warned them that the officers were coming, and when they saw the Bradys leading the policemen,

they received an awful shock, for they realized for the first time that their prisoners had escaped.

Harry aimed his pistol at Hop Chow.

"Drop that girl!" he shouted.

"Come on!" gasped Thorn as he disappeared down a flight of stairs. The opium-joint keeper and his helper were going to obey him, but Harry forestalled them by pressing the trigger of his weapon.

Bang!

A yell came from Hop.

Propping his burden he fell.

Jim Kee discretely made a bolt for the door.

Bang! went Old King Brady's revolver.

He winged his man, who screeched like a rusty steam whistle, and the four policemen plunged ahead with determination. Each Brady pounced on a wounded Chinaman, and as the opium fiends came tumbling half dazed out of the bunks they had been lying in, the patrolmen gathered them in.

A wild rush for the doors was made by those who had sense enough to act for themselves, and many got away.

A policeman caught a Chinaman.

Thorn had banged the rear door shut and locked it, to cover his retreat, and as the Bradys had their hands full subduing the men they were struggling with, they could not pursue him.

Hop and Jim were handcuffed together.

Both were shrieking for mercy, but the Bradys turned them over to one of the policemen, and examined Dolly Remington.

Still under the influence of the drug, they found her calmly and peacefully sleeping, and Harry went out to get a cab.

He soon returned with a vehicle, and found the prisoners and their captors in the street, surrounded by an enormous crowd of Chinamen and white men of the toughest character, from Mulberry Bend and that neighborhood.

Dolly was carefully lifted into the vehicle.

"Take her home and get her a doctor," said Old King Brady to the boy.

"What are you going to do?" Harry asked.

"Go and lock these Chinks up."

When the officers marched away with their sullen prisoners, young King Brady was driven off with Dolly uptown.

Before reaching her house, she recovered from her stupor, and amazed to discover where she was, asked for an explanation.

Harry gave her the information.

She was frightened, but was now convinced of Thorn's rascality, and when she parted from the boy, she said to him:

"If Fred Thorn ever again attempts to enter this house I'll have him arrested. He's a downright villain, and no mistake about it, either!"

Harry went home.

"I've been trying to pump some information out of the prisoners. Hop Chow weakened, and has confessed what he knows about the murder of Mr. Remington. Armed with this information, we won't have much trouble now to run down the slayer of George Remington, my boy."

CHAPTER VII.

SECURING A CONFESSION.

Old King Brady's assertion startled Harry. He did not expect they could get any information from the prisoners whatever. Finally he asked:

"What did you do to Hop Chow to make him confess?"

The old detective smiled and replied:

"Worked on his superstitious fear. That was the only thing to do."

"Put him through the Third Degree, I presume?"

"Exactly. Scared the wits out of him."

"How did you operate it?"

"Put him in a cell all by himself, and placed Jim Kee in another cell. I told Jim that Hop accused him of having killed Mr. Remington. He denied it vigorously, as I expected he would. Ah Sing, the court interpreter, had heard of the raid, and came up to the jail to find out who was pulled in. He's a decent Chinaman. I asked him to help me to get at the facts, and he consented. I hid him in a cell next to the one Hop occupied. Then I put Jim in Hop's cell."

Harry began to smile.

He anticipated what was coming.

Old King Brady went on.

"When Hop and Jim faced each other in the one cell, they

began to jabber in their own language, feeling sure no one would understand what they said. Ah Sing afterward told me that Jim bitterly denounced Hop for accusing him of killing Remington. Hop denied it, of course, and Jim stuck to what I told him. In a few minutes they were furiously quarreling. The listening interpreter heard Jim say that neither of them had killed the old merchant, but that the deed was done by another Chinaman."

"Which one?" asked Harry.

"I don't know. They used his real Chinese name. It was Kwan Su. You know the names by which we Americans know the Mongolians are not their real names. I mean the names they use in their own country. For Jim, Sam and such names are not Chinese names. The names Hop, Wah, Lee or Sing merely represent the clan they belong to."

"I see," said Harry, with a nod.

"Well," continued Old King Brady, "the two quarreling Chinamen admitted that they were with this so-called Kwan Su when he stabbed Mr. Remington, and they admitted that he paid them to aid him in his plan to murder the man and dispose of his body afterward. They also declared that Kwan Su was handsomely paid by some white man to do the job."

"Wasn't there any way to find out Kwan Su's identity?"

"I afterward tried in this way: Ah Sing entered the cell occupied by Hop and Jim, after their quarrel ended, and tried to pump them. They refused to give their pals away, as they were oath-bound not to betray them."

"I don't understand, then, how we can locate the villain."

"But I do," laughed Old King Brady. "All Chinamen are registered by their real names in the Chinese consulate in New York. To-morrow we must call on the Chinese consul, and he will tell us who Kwan Su is."

"Good enough!" exclaimed Harry. "That will settle the matter."

After some further conversation they retired.

On the following afternoon they learned that the Chinese consul was in Washington, and that they could not get the information they wanted until he returned to New York.

Both were intensely disappointed.

"Delays are dangerous," Old King Brady muttered, as they went uptown again. "The rascal may get away from New York ere we find out who he really is. But it can't be helped."

"Let's ride up to headquarters in a cab," suggested Harry.

"All right. There are some over near City Hall Park."

They crossed Broadway, and seeing a long line of hacks standing along the curb, they approached the nearest one.

It proved to be an old cab to which a bony gray horse was hitched.

The driver, in green livery, had red hair and a clean-shaven face.

He touched his old stove-pipe hat to them, and eagerly asked:

"Cab—cab, gents?"

Old King Brady glanced at him carelessly.

Then his gaze became fixed and intent, while an expression of surprise and delight flashed across his usually calm face.

"See here, my good fellow," he exclaimed.

"Yis, sor," replied the man, expectantly.

"Isn't your name Pat Muldoon?"

"Sure, an' it is that. How did yez know me?"

The old detective exhibited his badge, and replied:

"Do you know what that is?"

"Faith, it do be lookin' loike a cop's badge, sor."

"We are a pair of detectives."

"Yis, I see. What av it, sor?"

"Well, we've been looking for you for some time past, that's all."

A sickly pallor began to creep over the driver's face.

He fidgeted about uneasily a few moments, and asked:

"What have I done?"

"Mixed yourself up in a murder case."

"The divil I have!" gasped the man, in alarm.

"I say you have!"

"An' I say I haven't!"

"Let me convince you."

"Go ahead, if yer can," was the defiant reply.

"On the night of October the fifth you did some work for a man named Fred Thorn, for which he paid you fifty dollars——"

"Howley foy!" gasped Muldoon, with a violent start.

Old King Brady smiled when he saw this exhibition of guilt, and he winked at Harry and asked the man quietly:

"Do you remember the circumstance?"

Muldoon was silent for a moment.

He cast a frightened glance at Old King Brady.

"Fred Thorn," he muttered. "Sure, an' it's no man av that name I knows."

"Don't lie about it!" said the detective. "We know all about the matter and we want you to make a clean breast of it. The work you did for that man could land you in Sing Sing, and you know it."

This shot told.

With a cold sweat on his forehead, and an anxious look of intense dismay upon his pale face, Muldoon suddenly grabbed Old King Brady's arm with a trembling hand, and gasped hoarsely:

"Don't arrest me, fer ther love av heaven! Sure, I needed his money to spind on me woife an' childhren, an' I couldn't resist kapin' faith wid ther marn. Will yer lave me go this wanst?"

He paused and gazed entreatingly at the detectives.

Neither of the Bradys really knew what he had done.

But the old detective saw an excellent chance to fathom the mystery, and at the same time keep the man thinking that he was fully aware of his criminality.

He therefore said, in stern tones:

"We will only let you go if you confess all."

"I'd be afther doin' annything ter git out av this."

"Well, out with the whole story, then."

Muldoon, the picture of misery, gazed around for a moment to see that no strangers were listening.

Then he leaned over toward Old King Brady, and said excitedly:

"This was ther way I wor pulled inter ther thing: Mr. Thorn met me in ther shtrate, an' offered ter pay me big money ter help him in a job he had on hand. I knowed him this long time. He's a dope fiend, an' I'd often dhriv' him on the shloy ter Chinatown, where he hit ther poipe, an' I'd often tuck him ter ther gamblin' houses, where he spins most av his toime playin' faro——"

"Well?" asked Old King Brady, as he paused a moment. "What did he say the job was he wanted you to help him in?"

"Sure, he wouldn't tell me at all, at all, but it's a good guesser I am, an' begor', I wasn't long a-formin' me own opinion," replied the cabman.

"Well, what happened?"

"On ther noight his father wor kilt he met me, wid a bundle, at eight o'clock, an' got in me cab, tellin' me ter dhroive him to the Hoffman House. There he wint in, talked friendly to ther clerk, hoired a room, said he wor goin' ter shtay there a few hours, an' wint to his room wid ther bundle. Soon afterward a Chinymen came out av ther hotel, come over ter Madison Square where Thorn towld me ter wait fer him, an' got in me cab. That Chinymen wor Mr. Thorn in disguise."

"Ah!" exclaimed Old King Brady, darting a menacing glance at Harry.

"Well, sor, he towld me ter dhroive him over ter his father's stable. It wor somewhere near tin o'clock whin we got there, an' met a bunch av Chinks who wor waitin' fer him. They all wint inter ther yard. They wor gone quarther av an hour. Then Mr. Thorn came runnin' out, jumped inter ther cab, an' towld me ter dhroive him back ter ther Hoffman House. Whin we got near there he sneaked inter ther hotel. Quarther av an hour later I followed me ordhers an' wint in ter ther clerk, an' axed him fer Mr. Thorn, ter bring him home. A bell-bye summoned him. He came down shorn av the disguise an' said he'd been a-shleepin' iver since he wint there at eight o'clock, ter git over a jag. He had ther Chinymen suit in a bundle. I dhruv him home. Then I took him to a telegraph office. When he got home again he paid me fifty dollars, an' I wint off, undher oath ter kape me mouth shut about it."

The Bradys were amazed.

They realized that it was upon Thorn's return from the mysterious adventure that they, from the Remington doorway, had seen him pay Muldoon the money the driver alluded to.

Moreover, it threw a dark suspicion on Fred Thorn's character.

CHAPTER VIII.

PICKED UP BY TWO CROOKS.

When Muldoon was speaking, Old King Brady said to him in kind tones:

"It's all right, Pat. We are satisfied with what you've told us."

"An' yez won't pull me in fer havin' a hand in ther game?"

"Not a bit of it. You don't know what he was up to, and had no hand in the crime we suspect him of committing."

"Thru fer you, sor," replied the cabman.

"You needn't let on to Thorn, if you meet him, that you told us anything about the matter. Just keep it a secret. If we ever need your testimony as a witness, we may call on you for it. But you can rest assured that we won't ever think of doing you any harm."

"Bedad, I thought it wor Sing Sing I'd get."

"Well, you won't. Rest easy, Pat. You're quite safe."

"It's obliged I am ter yer for sayin' that, sor."

And looking intensely relieved, Muldoon began to grin.

The Bradys held a short conversation with him after that, and getting into his cab, paid him well to drive them toward headquarters.

As they went along Old King Brady said to Harry:

"Fred Thorn is a deep villain. There's no doubt in my mind that it was he, disguised as a Chinaman, who stabbed Mr. Remington. He went to the Hoffman House merely as a blind, to establish an alibi, in case he were suspected of committing the crime."

"No doubt of that," Harry answered. "But, like all criminals, he failed to properly cover up his tracks."

"On the strength of the evidence we've just raked up, I would not hesitate an instant to arrest him."

"I wonder if he isn't the Kwan Su mentioned by Hop Chow?"

"Perhaps. We can prove it when we meet the Chinese consul. If he hasn't got such a name registered, we can be pretty sure it was a name Thorn assumed for the occasion."

"Well," said Harry, "we now know that the part played in the game by Sam Wah and the rest of the Mongolians was dictated by Fred Thorn. He admitted as much in our hearing."

They finally reached headquarters and dismissed Muldoon.

Having met the chief and laid the whole thing before him, Old King Brady took a chew of tobacco and asked his superior officer:

"What is your opinion of the matter?"

The chief was very thoughtful for a while.

When he had turned the subject over in his mind, he finally answered:

"I think there is more in the case than you can imagine."

This reply surprised the detectives.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked finally.

"Just this," replied the chief, "Thorn must be a High-binder."

"What! A member of the Chinese secret society?"

"Exactly."

"I thought only Chinamen were admitted."

"No. I've known white men to belong to that order."

"Why do you think Thorn is a member?"

"Simply because he seems to associate so much with Chinamen whom we know to be members of that society. Besides that, the Chinamen would not go to such an extent as to mix themselves up in a murder case unless he had the strongest kind of influence over them to induce them to do so."

"Wouldn't money buy their services?"

"Perhaps it might, if enough was offered. But you must recollect that Thorn had none. That is, he scarcely could have had enough to pay a gang of assassins. His step-father gave him only a small allowance on account of his spendthrift habits. Moreover, as he gambled, he could not keep even his small income long. Therefore, it seems to me, he had too little money to purchase their services. That leaves it fair to presume some other consideration besides money actuated the Chinese to do his bidding. The inference is that he belonged to the secret order."

The Bradys were struck by the force of this reasoning.

It was probable enough that the chief was right.

Old King Brady then said:

"Assuming your theory to be correct, we must not lose track of the fact that Thorn himself killed old Mr. Remington, and that the Chinamen who accompanied him did nothing more than get rid of the body for him."

"I grant your idea," replied the chief readily, "but you haven't really proved it. You've got several things to do. You've got to prove Thorn's guilt. You only suspect he's guilty."

"Knowing the motive, it's easy to prove the guilt of the criminal."

"Of course, if you are sure of the motive. You think Thorn killed his step-father in order to throw his fortune into his

daughter's hands, and that he now expects to get the fortune by marrying the girl."

"We heard him admit as much."

"Very true. But, after all, there may have been some other motives behind the deed. You can't tell. Some outside influence besides this may have been the prime cause of the murder."

"If there was any other reason, it has not appeared on the surface yet."

"Of course not. He wouldn't be likely to go about giving himself away to every one he meets. Only a lunatic would do that. You'd better keep Thorn shadowed a while. Don't arrest him until you have satisfied yourselves that he had no other motive in his deed. With all his interests located here in New York, he is not at all likely to run away, unless he is driven to desperation, and has to go to save himself from jail or the electric chair. Just take it easy and keep cool. You may not accomplish your purpose at once, but you are bound to in the long run."

The Bradys were impressed by what he said.

When he left the department an hour later they had a definite course of action mapped out, and resolved to follow it.

During the next few days they made several efforts to pump more information from the Chinese prisoners, but failed to learn anything.

In order to have the Mongolians safe where they could reach them if they were wanted, the Bradys had them committed to Blackwell's Island.

Then they called on the Chinese consul.

Upon asking him for some information about a person named Kwan Su, they found that nobody in the Chinese colony of that name had been registered. In fact, no such person was known.

When the detectives departed, Harry said in decided tones:

"Kwan Su must have been Fred Thorn."

"We might make some inquiries about it in Chinatown," replied Old King Brady. "It won't do to go there undisguised, however. The Chinamen know us too well now."

"Our plan is to haunt the opium joints."

"Just so. We are sure to find our birds in one or the other of them."

They went home.

Here they had a large assortment of disguises.

Selecting a couple, after supper, they proceeded to change their looks.

Old King Brady was made up to resemble a steamship officer in uniform, with a dark beard and a brown, curly wig.

Harry's disguise was that of an ordinary sailor.

He wore a false mustache and darkened his skin with cosmetics to look as if he were sunburned.

Such characters are common about Chinatown.

At ten o'clock they left their lodging, boarded a Third avenue car and rode down to Pell street, where they alighted.

The dirty little crooked street had a very dangerous look, for at night it is frequented by crooks of the lowest grade.

Paying no heed to the skulking forms in the cellarways and doorways, the detectives went reeling down the street, and Harry began to sing a sea song.

"Avast thar, yer lubber!" Old King Brady growled at him. "Stow yer javin' tackle, will yer. Afore yer knows it, we'll get arrested fer bein' disorderly."

"Don't interfere wi' me, messmate," replied Harry. "I've been a-splinin' ther main brace until I'm about three sheets in ther wind, an' I feel so happy I could sing if I was goin' up fer six months."

And then he roared boisterously:

"Fer a-fightin' we must go; an' a-fightin' we must go,
An' wot's the odds if yer lose a leg, as long as yer drub ther foe?"

Old King Brady began to rave at him.

"Are yer goin' ter cork up?" he shouted, grasping Harry by the neck.

"No, I ain't! Le' go. You're a crank! Jest listen ter this ditty, yer old lubber:

"Twas off Sebastopol, my lads, I got this timber toe,
Ther time we licked ther Rooshens, boys, a score of years ago.
But what odd I want two legs for, I'm jest as well wi' one,
Fer Jack at sea, an' Jack ashore, is not ther boy ter run—
Fer a-fightin' we must go, an' a-fightin' we must——"

But just then he was interrupted.

A couple of tough-looking citizens darted out of a hallway and on each one seized a detective by the arm, one of them

"Hello there, boys, are yer lookin' fer some sport?"

"I reckon we are, my hearty," replied Harry. "D'yer know whar thar's any opium joints aroun' these quarters?"

"Yes, an' if you'll pay the piper, we'll steer yer all right."

"Heave ahead, then. We're out fer sport an' we've got the dough."

The two rascals grinned and winked at each other, seized the officers by their arms, and piloted them around the bend into Doyers street.

The swinging doors of a dingy saloon were pushed open and they pulled their supposed victims into a gloomy dive.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DETECTIVES' DANGER.

The Bradys were cognizant of the unsavory reputation of the dive into which the two crooks had taken them.

And they were aware of the fact that these two villains thought they were drunken sailors, whom they intended to rob.

But it did not worry them.

The place was really an opium den.

As they wanted to get into it without arousing suspicion, the plan they adopted worked like a charm, for they had been calculating that they could attract attention and get some crook to bring them in.

They found themselves in a small room lit by lamps.

Sitting around the tables were many well-known thugs whom they recognized at a glance, and all were talking, smoking and drinking.

The two men who had the detectives in tow were the notorious pickpockets Hungry Joe and Spider Kelly, both of whom were well known to the police.

It was the former who had Old King Brady by the arm, and there was an eager look on his narrow face and in his little keen black eyes, as he pointed at a table and said:

"Sit down here an' have a ball, gents, while I go downstairs an' square it with the Chinks in the dope factory."

"Ay, ay," replied the old detective, sitting down. "Don't be gone long, old feller. Name yer booze afore yer quit us."

"Mine's whisky," said Hungry Joe, winking at the tough waiter who was wiping off the table with a wet, dirty towel. "An' I say, Nick, see that these gents get good grog, out o' ther white-labeled bottle!"

"I savvy," replied the waiter, readily understanding Joe to mean that he was to give the detectives liquor that was full of knock-out drops.

The veteran crook nodded and grinned in a ghastly fashion and rushed down a flight of stairs in the corner.

Spider Kelly tried to make himself very agreeable and pleasant to his prospective victims, for he said to Harry:

"Yer a mighty good singer, partner. I never heard a finer baritone voice than you've got. Strike up a tune, an' I'll get the guy with the wooden eye at ther pianter ter play yer a accompaniment."

Harry pretended to look flattered at the compliment.

He swelled up, and replied quickly:

"Ay, now, everybody 'cept my shipmate here says I'm a good singer. But Bill says I'm on ther blink. Jist hit up yer ole music box thar, old chap, an' all jine in ther chorus."

And he began to sing in maudlin tones, as the pianist played:

"Of all the wives as e'er yer know, yeo-ho, lads, ho! Yeo-ho! yeo-ho!

There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow, yeo-ho—yeo-ho—yeo-ho!
See there she stands, an' waves her hands, upon the quay,
An' every day, when I'm away, she'll watch for me,
An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea,
Yeo-ho, lads—ho! Yeo-ho!"

Just as the gang of crooks in the room took up the chorus and began to yell at the top of their voices, Hungry Joe returned.

Old King Brady smiled covertly.

He knew that the villain had gone down into the basement den to prepare a trap into which he meant to lure them.

"When they've got us stupefied, they count on robbing us," he muttered. "But I can see them getting very badly left."

Rustling over to where they sat, Hungry Joe picked up the glass of whisky the waiter brought with the water drinks, and said:

"Well, here's my regards, gents."

The Bradys picked up their glasses and saw that there was a deposit of white powder in the bottom of each one.

"A drug!" Old King Brady thought grimly.

Instead of drinking the vile stuff, he poured it down between his collar and his neck in the most adroit manner, without being detected. Harry had no chance to do that.

He saw Spider Kelly keenly watching him, and he calmly poured the drugged liquor into his mouth, and kept it there.

Seeing his predicament, Old King Brady shouted at Kelly: "Say, you!"

Kelly turned and glanced inquiringly at him.

Quick as a flash Harry squirted the drugged liquor into a cuspidor.

"What d'yer want?" demanded Kelly.

"Why ain't yer singin'?" asked the old detective. "Join in the chorus."

"Can't. Never could. I think me pipes is on ther bum."

"Oh, sing, anyhow."

"Werry well."

And Kelly began to yell like a cowboy.

When the song was finished both crooks imagined the detectives had been drugged, and were keenly watching them.

The Bradys pretended to be getting very drowsy.

Seeing this, the pickpockets became more convinced than ever that the drug was taking hold.

"How about that opium joint?" demanded Old King Brady.

"It's all right," replied Hungry Joe hoarsely. "Foller me, gents."

He led them to the stairs and they descended.

The cellar was fitted up in cheap Oriental style.

Matting covered the floor, shabby red muslin curtains hung before a row of wooden bunks ranged along the wall, and fans and Japanese umbrellas hung on the walls.

There were a number of Chinese opium fiends in the place smoking an inferior grade of the drug, and the man who attended to their wants was evidently a fiend like the rest.

He was a huge fellow whose face was pitted with small-pox marks.

Hungry Joe called him Wing Chang.

He eyed the newcomers with a singularly ferocious expression for a few moments, and Hungry Joe said to him in eager tones:

"Say, Wing Chang, looker ther new customers I've brought yer."

"Smokee plipe?" demanded the Celestial gruffly.

"Ay, ay!" replied Old King Brady.

"Good hop, too, mind yer," added Harry, boisterously. "We ain't no Cheap Johns, my hearty, an' when our ship was in ther Chiny seas we wuz allers a-hittin' ther pipe, an' knows wot good stuff is."

"Me no hab bad opium."

"Where's yer empty berths? I ain't a-goin' ter turn in wi' none o' them monkey-faced old galoots wot's smokin' over thar."

"Yo' takee clouch. Plenty loom for two mens allee samee," said Wing, pointing at a big divan. "Me glitce tables—me giltce lamp—evlysing allee light, so be. Ki-ya, Quong Fang!"

The latter shout brought a thin, blear-eyed little Chinaman through a door from a room in the rear.

He had a long queue and a dazed look.

"Half dopy!" ejaculated Harry, eyeing him with a keen look.

Wing Chang gave the other Chinaman some instructions in his own language, and told the Bradys to lie down.

The two crooks crept into a bunk.

Opium pipes were procured and handed to each of the four men by the Chinaman, and the two yellow fellows began cooking and manipulating the opium pills to be breathed through the pipes.

While this was going on the Bradys were sharply sizing up the den and eyeing the occupants of the bunks.

They recognized among the fiends some who had been in Hop Chow's joint at the time they raided it.

Every one of them was more or less under the effect of the drug and paid no heed to anything except the craving to smoke.

When the Bradys finished their inspection, Harry glanced once at the door through which Quong Fang had come, and a thrill passed through him as he saw a little panel open in the door and a man peering through.

At one glance the boy saw enough of the man's features to recognize him as Fred Thorn, and he nudged his partner and whispered:

"Look at the door—quick!"

Old King Brady complied.

"Thorn!" he muttered.

Just then the face vanished and the panel softly closed.

"Did you recognize him, Old King Brady?"

"Yes. We must get into that room after him."

"Look out!"

Wing Chang was approaching.

None of the rascals could understand why the detectives did not succumb at once to the drug they imagined the officers swallowed.

However, they thought that when the detectives smoked the opium they would fall into a deep sleep.

Hungry Joe and Spider Kelly eyed them sharply.

When the Chinaman gave them the opium he walked away, and the detectives made a pretense of smoking the paste.

Quarter of an hour passed by.

Observing their supposed victims to be very wide awake yet, the two pickpockets got out of their bunks.

Their patience had given out.

They resolved to settle the matter with no further delay by attacking the officers and knocking the senses out of them.

But the Bradys saw them coming.

Realizing what they intended to do, the two detectives quietly got their hands on their revolvers.

Then they coolly awaited developments.

CHAPTER X.

CLEANING OUT THE JOINT.

Hungry Joe pulled a sandbag from his pocket, and Spider Kelly produced a long-bladed carving-knife.

As they reached the Bradys, the old pickpocket exclaimed gruffly:

"Just put up yer hands, gents!"

"Certainly," replied Old King Brady.

"Of course we will," added Harry.

And each one raised his right hand.

But they each clutched a glittering revolver.

And these dangerous weapons were aimed straight in the faces of the two crooks, who recoiled, uttering yells of alarm.

The Bradys sat up, and Harry exclaimed:

"Better drop them 'ere playthings, messmates!"

Down went Joe's sandbags and Kelly's dagger upon the floor.

"Don't shoot!" yelled the latter in alarm.

Old King Brady chuckled and replied:

"Jist flop down on yer knees!"

Down sunk the two crooks, quivering with fear.

"Now own up," said Harry. "Wasn't yer goin' ter rob us?"

"No, no!" protested Joe, feverishly.

"I say you were!"

"I swear we wasn't!"

"You lie, Hungry Joe!"

"Oh, gee! he knows me!"

"We ought to," said Old King Brady dryly; "we've pulled you in several times in the past, and——"

"They're fly-cops!" groaned Kelly dismally.

Electrified by this remark, Joe bounded to his feet, gave the disguised officer one wild look, and rushed away, shouting:

"Run, Kelly, run!"

"Hold on there!" cried Harry.

But Kelly had risen and was running, too, as fast as he could go.

"Hold, or we'll shoot you!" roared Old King Brady.

The altered tones and changed deportment of the two officers let the crooks see very plainly that they had been cleverly duped.

Running for the stairs, they went up two at a time.

"Watch the front room!" shouted Harry.

"All right. Scare the crooks out!" his partner replied.

Bang! Bang! went their pistols.

The bullets flew over the crooks' heads.

Not only did the shots hasten their movements, but they alarmed every one else in the place.

Quong Fang dashed into a closet and hid himself, and the opium fiends tumbled out of their bunks, startled by the shots.

Wing Chang and the crooks say "fly-cops," and knew what it meant. They yelled something in Chinese to his patrons and went upstairs after Hungry Joe.

A stampede then occurred.

Every one of the frenzied but half-stupid crowd of yellow fiends wanted to be first to get up those stairs.

They made a combined rush for them. There was not room for all, and they got jammed. A furious struggle ensued among them, and they howled, fought, scratched and pummeled each other furiously. The Bradys looked on with amusement. "Scare them again!" chuckled the old detective. Once more their pistols rang out, and the humming bullets flying over the heads of the gang made them frantic. Breaking the wedge, up they went, one after the other. Harry had his eye on the front of the cellar. He half expected to see Thorn look in again, attracted by the shots.

Seeing nothing of him, the boy exclaimed: "Thorn may have taken alarm." "Let us see, as this place has been cleared." They ran to the door with the panel and found it locked. By rushing against it with their shoulders, they broke the bolt and plunged into a small, square room. It was a private smoking parlor. Neatly furnished and containing a complete opium layout, it was evidently kept for the accommodation of a good class of people.

But Thorn was not there. Harry caught view of a pair of Chinaman's legs sticking out from under the end of a divan.

Pointing at them, he exclaimed laughingly: "Perhaps he can tell us where our man has gone." "Pull him out," replied Old King Brady. Catching the man by his ankles, Young King Brady began to pull and the Mongolian began to grunt and squeal. "Leavee go! Bleakee leg! Ow-wow-wow! Dlop dat!" Harry did not stop until he had the man exposed.

When the Chinaman was in full view, they saw he was a fat young fellow, gorgeously dressed in beautifully embroidered colored silks, and he held a club in his hand.

Pointing his pistol at the Chinaman's head, Harry cried: "Where's the white man who was in here?"

"No sarvy!" replied the Chinaman, and he got on his knees and bowed his head to the floor on his hands.

"Speak quick, or I'll kill you!" roared Harry sternly. Peering up with one eye, the Celestial saw the pistol. It unnerved him completely, and he rose and shouted: "Me tellee you! No killee me. Yes, yes. Me say where gentleman is!"

"Well, where?" "Lun upee step to stleet."

"Show me the stairs." "Over dere, hind dat mat."

He pointed at a bamboo curtain, and Harry drew it aside, and saw that it concealed a flight of stone stairs leading to the street.

"How long has he been gone?" asked Old King Brady.

"Jes' go," replied the Mongolian.

"Sure?"

"Yep."

"Come, Harry!"

And out of the place they hastened.

They found themselves in Doyers street.

The alarm of a raid had spread like lightning, and not a solitary yellow man was visible in any of the adjacent houses.

Harry glanced around.

"Gone!" he announced.

"Speak to the cop on the Pell street corner. I'll go to the other corner."

They separated and ran in opposite directions.

On the corner Harry met a policeman and asked:

"Has any one passed this corner in the past five minutes?"

"Yes. Two men."

"Describe them."

"One was a Chinaman and the other a white man."

"How did the white man look?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"I'm after a man."

"After one?"

"Yes. See here!"

And he showed his badge.

"Oh! You're a detective?"

"I am."

"Well, he was tall, slender, had a dark mustache and was quite stylish."

"That's the man. And the Chinaman?"

"They were together."

"As I suspected."

"The Chink was dressed in a chocolate colored blouse with

brass buttons, black pants, white stockings, black sandals and a felt hat——"

"That description fits 'most any Chinaman."

"Very true. But I noticed a big scar on the side of his head."

"Half-moon shaped?"

"Yes. And I heard the white man call him Sam Wah."

"That's the other chap I'm after."

"Indeed!"

"Ah! Here comes Old King Brady."

"Oh! So you're the Bradys, eh?"

"We are. Where did the two men go?"

"Up the Bowery, in a hurry, only a few moments ago."

"I'm much obliged to you."

Just then the old detective joined them.

He had questioned the other policeman unsuccessfully.

"Well?" he demanded anxiously.

"They've just gone up the Bowery."

"Who do you mean by 'they?'"

"Thorn and Sam Wah."

"Follow them!"

Thanking the policeman, they hurried away.

A car was passing and they boarded it, remained on the rear platform, and while Harry watched one side of the street his partner watched the other while they were being carried uptown.

CHAPTER XI.

TRACED HOME.

"There is Thorn now!"

It was Harry who spoke, about five minutes later, and he suddenly pointed at a man in the hurrying throng of people on the west side of the street.

Old King Brady saw the young man.

He was striding along hurriedly and had his hat pulled down over his eyes, much as if he wished to conceal his features.

The Bradys alighted on the side opposite where he was.

Watching him keenly, they went along and Old King Brady said:

"We had better shadow him, to see where he is going. He was evidently in that den smoking opium when we attacked Hungry Joe and his pal. Driven out by fear of arrest, Thorn is evidently heading for some other retreat."

"Going to pull him right in?"

"The chief advised us not to."

"Delays are dangerous, you know."

"Very true. But after all we've only got circumstantial evidence against the man. We can't prove that he really murdered his step-father, or got somebody else to do the job for him. In order to convict the man, we must have something tangible."

"Of course I'll do as you say, but I don't approve of it."

"You are impatient."

"Not that so much as my belief that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush," replied Harry. "We both feel pretty certain he is the culprit. If we landed him in jail we might force him to convict himself, you know."

Old King Brady smiled and replied:

"Don't you be too sure of that. He's a very sly man, and wouldn't readily send himself to his doom."

"Then what in thunder do you expect to gain by leaving him at liberty to float around and perhaps commit more crimes?"

"I'll tell you," Old King Brady replied, as he took a fresh chew of tobacco. "It's an old and true saying that if you give a criminal enough rope he will sooner or later hang himself. I want to apply the axiom to Thorn and see if he won't convict himself."

"The villain has already done so, in some respects."

"But we can't show absolute proof that it was he who ran that knife into George Remington's body."

"I know it, but——"

"Be guided by me, Harry, and I'm quite sure it will turn out all right in the long run," said the old detective quietly.

They kept following and watching Thorn.

He gave them a long walk.

To their surprise, he led them straight to his late residence in Twenty-seventh street, and rang the front door bell.

A maid admitted him.

The detectives saw the light go up in the parlor, as the window shades were half raised and they glided over on the stoop.

Getting in the vestibule, they heard Thorn exclaiming: "Never mind if Miss Remington is in bed. I want you to go and tell her I wish to see her on very important business. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl timidly. "Then go, and don't be more than twenty-seven years about it, either."

"Very well, sir." And the girl left the room, and the Bradys peered through the window a few minutes.

They saw Thorn fling himself into an easy chair, light a cigar, and thoughtfully puff great clouds of smoke in the air. Presently the girl returned and said:

"She'll be right down, sir."

"Very well. Then you get out of here!" The girl left the room. A few moments afterward, however, the Bradys saw her quietly emerge from the basement door with her bonnet on.

Harry stopped her at the gate. "Where are you going?" he demanded. "After a policeman!" she replied.

"Did Miss Remington tell you to?" "She did," replied the girl, looking surprised.

"To arrest Fred Thorn?" "Yes, sir," said the girl, still more surprised.

"Then you need go no further, for we are officers." "Why, you're a sailor," began the girl.

"Oh, no. We are disguised Secret Service officers, and we are friends of your mistress. Admit us quietly to the basement and we'll keep an eye on Thorn and see that he doesn't hurt the young lady."

"I don't believe you are cops." "Look at these badges. Don't they convince you?"

The girl studied them a few moments, and finally said: "I'm satisfied."

"Will you do as we say?" "Yes. Follow me in."

She admitted them and went into the kitchen. The Bradys crept softly into the rear parlor, which was cast in gloom, and got behind the rich damask portieres separating the two rooms.

But they had not long to wait. Dolly came downstairs, swept haughtily into the parlor, and confronting Thorn, she demanded angrily:

"Well, sir, what do you want here?" "Dolly, I've come back to ask your forgiveness."

"For killing my father?" "Who killed him?" "You did!" she declared.

A dark frown gathered on Thorn's brow, and he cried angrily:

"You wrong me outrageously, Dolly!" "Oh, you can't deny it with lies!" cried the girl.

"I tell you I didn't. I can prove my innocence if I'm arrested."

"How can you?" "Easily. At the time the deed was committed I was fast asleep in a room in the Hoffman House. I've got evidence in my possession that between the hours of eight and ten I was in that hotel."

"I doubt it," said the girl curtly. "Oh, I've got evidence——"

"Rubbish! Didn't you abduct me?" "But I had a good reason——"

"Oh, pahaw!" replied the girl impatiently. "What good reason could you possibly have had in treating me so falsely? You lured me from this house with a forged note, and dragged me a prisoner, under the influence of a drug, to a vile opium den in Chinatown. As I understand it, you designed to force me to marry you. Your object in doing that was to get possession of the money my father left me in his will."

"Dolly, you wrong me shamefully."

"No, I don't. The Bradys told me all."

"Blame the Bradys——"

"Allence, sir! Don't speak that way about my best friends."

"Your friends?" he sneered. "Oh, yes. You have gone back to them for them. You'll believe anything they tell you about me. You are being grossly deceived. They hate me, and want to put me in a bad light in your estimation. But I'll baffle their mean designs yet."

"What brought you here to-night?"

"I wanted to set myself right with you. As I am telling you, I had a perfect object in taking you away from here. I knew the detectives were poisoning your mind against me, and

I wanted to remove you from their evil influence. I designed to keep you in seclusion until I could get rid of those Bradys."

"Oh, that's all humbug!" she replied. "Your excuse is too weak. I don't believe a word of it. I am not quite as gullible a fool as you seem to think I am. Now, I want to warn you of one thing you seem to lose track of. I'll never marry you. The law would never recognize a forced marriage, and such a marriage would never give you control of my fortune without my consent, and I'd never consent to you handling it. So, you see, even had you succeeded in marrying me, you would have gained absolutely nothing by it after all."

Thorn smiled sarcastically.

He had his own ideas of the manner in which he intended to get her money once she was his legal wife.

But he did not explain what his plans were.

"I see I can't convince you of my innocence," he exclaimed.

"No matter what you say, you can't do it," the girl answered.

"Then I'll take my leave of you."

"Just wait a while," said Dolly.

She wanted to keep him talking until her maid returned with the officer she had sent the woman for.

But Thorn seemed to scent danger, for he moved toward the door.

"No, I'll go now!" he exclaimed.

Just then Harry swept the portieres aside and the Bradys sprang into the parlor, confronting Thorn.

They had taken off their wigs, beards and mustaches, and the startled rascal recognized them at a glance.

CHAPTER XII.

A DESPERATE MEASURE.

"Those confounded detectives again!" gasped Fred Thorn as he glared furiously at the Bradys.

"We have followed you here from Wing Chang's opium den," replied Old King Brady, "and we've been listening to your lame excuses to Dolly Remington for your infernal actions."

"Indeed!" sneered Thorn in ugly tones.

"Yes, indeed," replied Old King Brady. "You may imagine you can fool that girl, but you can't fool us, Fred Thorn. We know all about your villainy, and we intend to bring you to justice."

"Oh, what harm can you do me, except to get square with me for trying to defend myself against you?"

"I'll tell you," replied the old detective. "In the first place, George Remington found you to be a gambler and spendthrift, and disinherited you. In the second place, you were desperate for the want of money. You were very intimate with Mr. Remington's Chinese cook. On the 5th of October we met Sam Wah carrying a basket containing his master's head. We afterward learned from Pat Muldoon, the cab driver, that you manufactured an alibi so you could not be charged with Remington's murder, by taking a room in the Hoffman House. Disguised as a Chinaman, you left the hotel, and were driven to the scene of the crime before the deed was committed. You had a gang of Chinamen waiting on Twenty-eighth street for you. You went in the back way and killed that man. Afterward your Chinese friends stole the body. We heard you and Sam Wah in the cellar in Chinatown discussing the matter. The Chinaman had followed your instructions by putting Remington's body in a grocer's wagon and carted it aboard a ferryboat. It was weighted to sink it in the river. At the last moment the superstitious Chinamen cut off the head to give it decent burial, to appease their devils. The body was cast overboard. It was while Sam Wah was bringing the head ashore that we caught him and recognized it. Thus we are convinced that you were the murderer. Then came your motive. We heard you say to this Sam Wah that you abducted Dolly Remington in order to force her to marry you. You had the insane idea that this would be the means of throwing her father's fortune into your hands. But she has just shown you what a dope dream you were laboring under. If you hadn't been a confirmed opium fiend you would not have attempted such an insane act."

During all the time Old King Brady was talking Thorn was glaring at him with a feeling of unutterable horror.

He saw his danger.

The detectives knew all about his scheme.

With prison and the electric chair staring him in the face, he grew desperate to the last degree.

Until then Dolly knew nothing about the disposition of her father's body and the way his corpse was mutilated.

She turned pale, and a look of alarm crossed her pretty face.

"Then this," she gasped, "was the manner in which my poor father's remains were disposed of?"

Old King Brady glanced at her pityingly.

"Yes," he replied in low tones "and this man is responsible for the atrocious deed. He is a most unprincipled villain, as you have seen and heard. But his roguery has reached its climax, as far as we are concerned, and we intend to put him behind the bars, produce witnesses of his infamy, and see that he gets his deserts. He must realize by what we have just said that the whole story of his villainy is well known to us."

"Arrest him, by all means, if he is responsible for my father's death," the girl replied, coldly, "and none will be more pleased than I when the law has taken its course."

Harry took a step toward the man.

Drawing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, he exclaimed:

"You may as well submit gracefully, Thorn. You can't escape us."

"I'll escape, or I'll commit suicide!" said the villain.

He had a look of deadly resolve upon his face, and drawing a revolver from his pocket he placed the muzzle against his temple.

The young detective glanced at his partner.

Old King Brady was calmly turning the matter over in his mind and he beckoned to Harry and said quietly:

"Come here."

"Going to let him go?"

"Yes. We don't want his corpse."

Thorn was eyeing them suspiciously.

Gradually, as he observed that the detectives made no move to stop him, it dawned upon his mind that he could get away unmolested.

The thought filled him with fierce joy.

Reaching the door, he suddenly dashed out.

In a moment more he was in the street, running away at the top of his speed, exulting over the ease with which he escaped.

But Harry was in pursuit of him.

When the boy left the room, Old King Brady said to Dolly:

Thorn is gone, but Harry will locate him to a certainty."

"What a desperate man he is," said the girl, wonderingly.

"There is nothing strange in that. He realized that his game was exposed and that he had no chance to save himself. Arrest meant death for him. To kill himself would have been no worse than to have others do so for him."

"Very true, Mr. Brady."

"It's an absolute fact that he would have committed suicide rather than submit to arrest. We knew that, and that's why we let him go. A dead prisoner would have been utterly useless to us. On the other hand, by giving him his liberty, we give ourselves a chance to catch him later on—alive."

He held a short conversation with her, and presently departed for home, wondering how Harry was faring.

CHAPTER XIII.

RECOGNIZING A PHOTOGRAPH.

When the Bradys met at breakfast on the following morning the old detective asked his partner:

"Did you track Thorn from the Remington residence?"

"Yes," replied Harry, "and quite successfully."

"Where did he lead you to?"

"An opium den in Mulberry street."

"Indeed," said Old King Brady, with interest.

"The place he entered is only frequented by yellow fiends. It's in the Bend opposite the park, and a man named Hong Toy runs it."

"I know all about the joint."

"They barred me out when I tried to enter the place, and I had a fight with the Chinamen. Finding I couldn't gain entrance alone, I finally gave up the attempt."

"Don't Thorn likely to get away during your absence?"

"No, for I met a wardman named Murray, and as he's out till this morning, he offered to keep watch and arrest any man the moment he puts his nose outside the door."

"That's all right."

"You'd better come down there with me after breakfast and see if we can't get into the place and collar that villain."

"Very well," assented Old King Brady, as he rose from the table. "I'm ready to go now."

They left their lodgings and proceeded downtown.

When they reached the opium joint they found Murray on guard there, and Harry asked him:

"Has Thorn come out yet?"

"No," replied the wardman. "I've been on guard all night too."

"We are going in to get him."

"I'll go with you."

"Come along."

And into the store they went.

It was a place in which Chinese curios were for sale.

A piece of red muslin hung over the doorway in the pine board partition at the rear and a couple of Chinamen stood before it.

One was Hong Toy, the owner.

As soon as he saw the three detectives he said something to his companion, who hastily darted through the red curtain and vanished.

"Get out of the way there!" cried Old King Brady, rushing at Hong.

"Whatee want in here?" roared the Chinaman, excitedly.

"Me lib inee black loom. Nobody go in dere."

"Shut up!" cried Murray, as he seized the Chinaman by one arm while Harry grasped the other. "Do you want us to pull you in?"

"Rush him!" said Harry.

The next moment the Chinaman was pulled to the door and hurled out into the street, where he fell on his hands and knees.

He got up and ran away.

Meantime Old King Brady darted into the back room.

Another door confronted him and he found it locked.

One thump with the shoulder sent it flying open, and he plunged into an opium den filled with Chinamen.

Hong's friend had gone in to warn them that the place was being raided. They found him pulling them out of the bunks and doing everything possible to arouse them from their stupor.

Old King Brady seized him by the throat.

"Where's the white man?" he demanded.

"No habee white man here," replied the frightened Mongolian.

"Where's the white man, I say?" roared the old detective, and he pushed his revolver against the Chinaman's face.

A yell of alarm escaped the heathen.

His friends, having by this time pulled their wits together, rushed at Old King Brady to rescue the man from his grip.

The detective saw them coming.

Gripping his prisoner with one hand, he doubled up his fist and as the first Mongolian drew near him he dealt the man a fearful blow that knocked him flat on the floor.

Just then Harry and Murray rushed in.

Out shot their fists right and left, and in a moment the place was in an uproar as they drove the Chinamen back.

A panic seized the Chinamen and they flew through a rear door and windows into the back yard.

Old King Brady clung to his prisoner.

"Are you going to tell me where the white man is?" he asked.

"Kwan Su?" asked the Mongolian in tremulous tones.

This name startled Old King Brady, for it was the cognomen by which the murderer of old Mr. Remington was known.

"I mean the white man named Kwan Su?" he exclaimed.

"He been here allee night."

"Yes, I know that; but he ain't here now."

"He gone."

"Where?"

"Outee windee."

"When?"

"Las' night."

"Don't tell me any lies."

"No, no allee same. He gone las' night."

Just then Harry and Murray joined the old detective.

All the Chinamen except the man in Old King Brady's hands had escaped.

"Thorn ain't here!" said Harry in tones of supreme disgust.

"No. He escaped out the back way last night."

"How do you know he did?"

"This man just admitted it to me."

"Oh! I see."

"I've made him confess."

"What?"

"Kwan Su and Thorn are one and the same person."

"By Jove! that's startling."

"Moreover, Thorn is a member of the Hatchet Society."

Harry's amazement increased.

"Did this man say so?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, it reduces the case to the mere capture of Thorn."

"But he's gone."

"We must try to find him."

"The quicker we send out a general alarm to the police to keep a look out for him the better."

"No use of staying here any longer, then."

They hastened out into the street.

Leaving Murray, they ran up Mulberry street to police headquarters and had an alarm sent out to every precinct in the city for the capture of Thorn on sight.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN A GILDED DEN.

At nine o'clock that night the Bradys strolled into a station house, and Harry nodded to the sergeant at the desk and said: "Hello, Barney! Any news yet?"

"Ah, Harry, that you? No, we haven't found Thorn."

"How many men are out in Chinatown?"

"At least a dozen plain-clothes men."

Old King Brady paused near a front window and began to think, and the boy joined him and said in low tones:

"I'm afraid we'll have to dig him up ourselves."

"The police wouldn't recognize him very readily by a mere description," replied the old detective; "so there is nothing strange in their tardiness. Besides, he may be keeping under cover."

Just then a cab came along.

As the interior of the police station was brilliantly illuminated, any one passing along the street outside could plainly distinguish the people in the station.

Moreover, most people, in passing a police station, glance at it curiously, as it seems to hold a strange fascination for them.

The driver of the cab was no exception to the rule.

He peered in and saw the Bradys.

Then he suddenly turned his horse to the curb.

Pausing, he descended from his seat.

The Bradys saw him and wondered what his business was.

Instead of letting any one out of his cab, as they expected, the man ran over to the window.

He beckoned to the Bradys to come out.

"That's queer," said Harry. "Evidently he wants us."

"Wonder what's up?"

"Come out and see."

Leaving the room, they joined the driver outside and recognized him.

"It's Pat Muldoon," cried Harry in some surprise.

"What brings you here, my boy?" asked Old King Brady, curiously.

"Sure, I only saw yez be accident in passin'," replied Pat.

"Oh, I see! Anything wanted?"

"I've had Thorn in me cab to-nolght."

"Ah! Where did you take him to?"

"A gamblin' den."

"Where?"

"Thirty-eighth street, near Seventh avenue."

"Indeed!"

"Sure, I jist came from there."

"I'm glad you've let us know about it."

"Well, sor, I knowed yez wor wantin' that spalpeen, an' wadda yez be here jist now, thinks I, 'I'll tell them,' an' here I am."

"Good for you! Pat, you've rendered us a great service."

"It's atonement for what I did in ther past, sor."

"Take us over there, will you?"

"Wid pleasure."

"Fine! Tell us where you picked Thorn up."

"Go with us to near 'Twenty-third street."

"Was he alone?"

"Yes, sor. I expected a roastin', but, begorry, he niver said a word ag'in me. He seemed plazed ter see me. Said he wanted us to go ter Dangerfield's ter buck ther tiger, as he was nearly broke an' had ter raise some money somehow in a hurry."

"Isn't that the gambling den he always used to frequent?"

"Sure, an' it is. Many's ther toime I've dhriiven him there before. I axed him wor I ter come afther him, but he said he didn't know what toime he'd quit."

"I see," said the detective.

Old King Brady took a fresh chew of tobacco, and after a moment's reflection he turned to Harry and said:

"He's reaching the end of his rope. With no money, he can't get away from this town. Probably he's desperate now."

"Gambling is a poor resort to increase one's fortunes," said Harry in dry tones. "If he had a little money to risk to increase his pile, and loses it, he will be worse off than ever."

"A man of his calibre is willing to run that risk."

"We must disguise ourselves and enter the joint separately."

"Our dress suits are in the valises in the police station, with wigs and whiskers, and we can change our looks right here."

"Very well. Pat, you wait for us."

The driver nodded and returned to his seat.

Entering the station, the Bradys put on full-dress suits over their street clothes and placed crush-hats on their heads.

Old King Brady had on a white beard to match his hair and eyebrows, and a pair of gold eyeglasses on his nose, while Harry's features were changed with a heavy brown mustache.

They looked like a couple of gentlemen going to a full-dress function and were almost unrecognizable.

Pat drove away with them.

They finally reached Thirty-eighth street and turned west.

The cab pulled up before the door of a white stone building.

Old King Brady alighted, and the cab drove off.

Going around the block, Pat returned to the building, and when Harry got out he saw no sign of his partner.

"Must have gone in," the boy commented.

"Shall I come afther yez?" asked the driver.

"There's no telling when we'll come out again, Pat."

"Very well, sor. That's what Mr. Thorn said, too."

Harry paid him liberally.

When the vehicle was gone the boy gained ingress to the handsome gambling resort by doing as his partner dictated.

A liveried negro admitted him to a quiet, dimly lit hall, the floor, walls and decorations of which were elegant.

Harry was at a loss where to go to find the gaming tables, but fortunately for him the negro just then said:

"Coat room on de second flo', now, sah."

"Thank you," replied the boy. "I thought it had been changed."

He saw no sign of gambling, and did not hear a sound

Ascending the stairs, he was passing some closed doors on the next floor when the hum of voices coming from the other side reached his ears, and he listened.

The sounds convinced him that the games were going on in these rooms, and he went on to the coat room upstairs.

It was in charge of a negro.

Leaving his hat, coat and gloves there, Harry went downstairs and pushed open one of the doors.

The boy found himself in a pair of saloon parlors thronged with men dressed in the height of fashion.

Many were gambling at the various tables, others were strolling about, watching the play of those who were occupied, and a few were drinking at a massive buffet, presided over by another negro.

Harry looked around for his partner.

He finally located him, sitting at a table with several players engaged at a game of draw poker.

Chips were not used, as the players preferred to put up their money.

Harry approached the table to look on.

When he reached it every nerve in his body began to tingle when he noticed that one of the players was Fred Thorn.

He was steadily losing, and a huge heap of bank-notes was steadily piling up in front of Old King Brady, who was winning all the time.

CHAPTER XV.

CATCHING THEIR MAN.

"You are cheating!"

This exclamation suddenly burst from Thorn.

He pointed an accusing finger at Old King Brady.

The other two gamblers at the green baize table sat back and glared at the old detective with an ugly expression.

It was rarely that a player in that establishment was accused of cheating, and when Thorn's charge came it was startling.

In fact it brought a crowd to the table with a rush.

Old King Brady did not let the charge worry him.

He observed that Thorn had lost every dollar he had, and made the charge in a fit of chagrin and desperation before he had to drop out of the game from sheer lack of funds.

A quiet smile crossed the detective's face.

"I never cheat," he exclaimed, reprovingly. "You are excited."

"And I say you did cheat!" blssed Thorn, emphatically.

"Cool off, my friend—cool off."

"No, I won't. I want my money back."

There was a stack of bank-notes amounting to several thousands of dollars lying upon the table before Old King Brady.

It represented his winnings.

The sight of so much money, and the knowledge of his own poverty and urgent need of cash made Thorn wild.

He reached out his hand and grasped the pile.

Bang! went Old King Brady's hand down upon Thorn's, pinning it to the money with startling rapidity.

The next moment the detective's pistol was aimed at Thorn's head, and the cool detective exclaimed:

"Not so fast, sir!"

"Give me that!" Thorn yelled.

"You'll get a bullet if you don't behave like a gentleman!"

The onlookers scattered precipitately, for they expected at any moment to see a shooting affray going on.

None of them wished to get hit by a stray bullet.

Thorn reached for his hip pocket to draw his pistol, but before he could get it Harry, who stood behind him, suddenly seized the man's arm and snapped a handcuff on his wrist.

"Fred Thorn, I arrest you in the name of the law!" the boy exclaimed.

Startled and horrified, Thorn gave a yell, tore his hand free from Old King Brady's grip and bounded to his feet.

Wheeling around with a scared look he confronted Young King Brady, and found that boy's pistol aimed squarely at his head.

"What does this mean?" he gasped, hoarsely.

"It means that you are my prisoner."

"By what right do you arrest me?"

"We are officers of the law."

"And what is the charge?"

"Murder!"

"What?"

"The murder of George Remington!"

"It's an infamous lie!"

"Perhaps you won't think we are fooling now."

As Harry spoke he took off his false mustache.

Thorn shot one startled glance at him and groaned:

"Harry Brady!"

"At your service!" smiled the boy, mockingly.

Just then a door opened and a man peered into the room from the hall and saw his predicament.

It was Sam Wah.

Thorn saw him.

"Help me!" he cried, despairingly.

The Chinaman made a motion to him and vanished.

Neither of the Bradys had seen the Chinaman, as he was behind their backs when he opened the door.

"You needn't appeal for help!" said Harry. "You won't get any."

"Is that man Old King Brady?" demanded Thorn.

"I am," replied the old detective for himself.

"What a blind fool I was for not suspecting it," bitterly said the prisoner. "I should have known your voice."

"You couldn't, as I disguised it," blandly answered the old roughster. "We've got you safe now."

All the gamblers in the room who remained were interested listeners to this dialogue.

It gave them to understand that they were in no danger, as the detectives evidently wanted no one but the man they held.

The officers had put away their revolvers.

Old King Brady now took Thorn's weapon away from him, for he was linked to Harry's wrist with the handcuff.

The scene was following.

The proprietor of the gambling den, a flashy individual named Dangerfield, now approached and asked:

"What's going on?"

"Only an arrest," explained Harry.

"What did he do?"

"Murder."

"Central Office men?"

"No. Secret Service."

"Are you after us?"

"No, not at present."

The gambler looked intensely relieved. Finally he asked:

"Need any help?"

"Yes. We want a carriage to take him away."

"I'll have one summoned for you."

The gambler sent an attendant for a vehicle and Harry examined the fetters binding the prisoner to his wrist.

It was a strong shackle of steel.

In a few minutes one of the negroes came in with the detectives' hats and coats, and another entered and said:

"Carriage outside, gem'en."

"Come on, Thorn," said Young King Brady, moving toward the door. With a sullen look the prisoner accompanied the detectives. He had to go. He could not resist.

Down at the door was a carriage.

The driver's huge collar was upturned, and his hat was pulled down over his eyes, and he asked the detectives gruffly:

"Where to?"

"Secret Service headquarters," Harry answered.

They hastily entered the carriage with their prisoner, slammed the door shut, and were driven downtown.

During the ride the detectives said nothing to their prisoner, as they were occupied with their thoughts.

The shades were drawn down, at Thorn's request.

A long ride followed.

Finally they heard the driver shout something.

The carriage suddenly stopped.

Descending from his box, the driver opened the door.

"Out!" he exclaimed.

The light of a street lamp flashed on his face.

"Thunder!" roared Old King Brady. "The driver is Sam Wah!"

"What does this mean?" gasped Harry, in amazement.

They alighted with the prisoner and glanced around.

To their amazement they found that instead of having been driven to headquarters, they were now in the heart of Chinatown, and the carriage was surrounded by a big mob of scowling Mongolians!

CHAPTER XVI.

WINGING A CHINAMAN.

The Bradys realized at once that they had fallen into a trap.

It occurred to them that Dangerfield's darky had arranged with Sam Wah to drive the carriage, so an attempt could be made to rescue Fred Thorn from their clutches.

"We've been tricked. This ain't Secret Service headquarters. It's Chinatown," said Harry, to whom the prisoner was handcuffed.

"How in thunder does it happen that Sam Wah is driving our carriage?" Old King Brady demanded, as he glared at the grim face of the Mongolian. "Is Dangerfield ringing in with Thorn?"

"Looks like it," Harry answered.

The prisoner took in the situation at a glance.

As a matter of fact, he was as much amazed as the Bradys were, for he did not know until then how his Chinese friend was trying to aid him to get away from the detectives.

But he saw that he was receiving aid.

Handcuffed to Harry, he could not help himself any, however, and he had to remain a passive witness to all that followed.

Sam Wah said something to the mob.

He had barely finished speaking, however, when a big man was suddenly flung over Old King Brady's head by some one in the crowd standing behind him.

The old detective made an effort to get rid of the man's embrace and to pull his revolver from his pocket.

Before he could free himself, however, several pairs of hands grasped him, the coat was held tightly over his back, and he was knocked down upon the pavement.

Here a dozen Mongolians pounced upon him, and despite the violence of his struggles, he could not get free from their grip.

In a moment more he felt them lift him up from the ground and he was carried struggling into the nearest house.

Harry had seen what was happening to his partner.

It infuriated the boy.
 He made an attempt to aid his friend.
 Thorn then gripped him by the free wrist.
 As Young King Brady only had one hand he could use, he soon found that Thorn's clutch disabled him.
 He began to struggle to shake off Thorn's hold.
 It was useless, however, for in a few moments some one dealt him a cowardly blow on the head that felled him senseless.

An hour afterward the boy recovered his senses.
 He was in the dark.
 Thorn was no longer with him.
 The handcuff was cut from Harry's wrist with a file.
 Well knowing he was a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, he was astonished to find that the Chinamen had not tied him.

Both his hands and feet were free.
 He arose, and glancing around in the gloom, he listened, and tried to find out where he was located.

Not a sound met his ears.
 "Where can Old King Brady be?" he thought. "That gang of Chinks must have rescued Thorn, as he is a member of their secret order."

Holding out his hands, he attempted to walk across the board floor he trod on, when a nearby voice suddenly demanded:

"Who's that?"
 Harry paused.
 "Hello," he replied. "Who are you?"
 "Why—is that you, Harry?"
 "By jove, it's Old King Brady!"
 "So it is. Where are we, anyway?"
 "I'm blest if I know. Are you free?"
 "Yes."

"So am I."
 "We must be in a cellar, Harry."
 "Didn't you see where we were taken?"
 "No. They held a cloth over my head when they picked me up and carried me away. Were you hurt in the scuffle?"
 "Somebody knocked me senseless. I've only just revived."
 "Got Thorn with you, of course?"
 "No. The handcuff was cut from my wrist, and he's missing."

"It was evidently a put-up job between Dangerfield's man and Sam Wah to save Thorn. It's of no use to worry our minds over how it was done. We've seen the result. Our present anxiety must be to get out of this with a whole skin. Got a match?"

Harry felt in his pockets.
 "Yes, here's one," he replied.
 "Well, I've got my lantern yet in the pocket of my clothes under this dress suit. The Chinamen have emptied my outer pockets, but didn't seem to suspect I had on another suit beneath this one. That's probably why they failed to get my lantern and my revolver."

"I've got my gun, too."
 "We are lucky. Light the match."
 Harry complied and the dark-lantern was ignited.
 Flashing its rays around, Old King Brady observed that they were in a sort of vault with brick walls, a wooden floor and a plastered ceiling ten feet overhead.

"There's no staircase," commented the old detective, "but there's a trapdoor in the ceiling down through which they evidently lowered us."

They talked the matter over for some time, and finally concluded to wait for some move on the part of their enemies.

A careful examination of the walls failed to show them the slightest means of escape from their gloomy prison.

To save the oil they put out the light.
 Hours passed by, and they took turns at sleeping.

Morning came, but brought no sign of their captors.

The Bradys became restless and nervous.
 Some of the time was passed in conversation, but most of it was spent gloomily considering their predicament.

With the arrival of midday the pangs of hunger assailed them.

"Going to leave us here to starve to death," Old King Brady sadly concluded. "I'm hungry and thirsty."

"I've been hummed by that fear all the morning," replied the boy.

The long, dreary day passed, and night fell on the city.

About ten o'clock they heard some one on the trapdoor, and it suddenly opened and a light glared down.

"Keep your mouths shut!" muttered Old King Brady.

"I'll give them a surprise!" Harry muttered, drawing his pistol.

For a few moments there was a deep silence.
 Then a Chinaman's head slowly and cautiously was poked over the edge of the opening, and they observed that it was Sam Wah.

"Hello, Brady!" he cried, peering down.
 "That you, Sam Wah?" replied Harry.
 "Yep. Me teller somefing. Yo' soon cloak; no habee food, allee samee."

"Did Thorn have us put here?"
 "Sure. Pletty soon yo' die, an' he safe enough den."
 "What brought you here?"
 "Me? Oh, jes' see yo' not dead yet."
 "Old King Brady is in a bad way."
 "Where he?"

"Back here in this corner. See him?"
 Sam leaned far over the edge, in an incautious moment, to gain a better view of the old detective.

As quick as a flash Harry shot the Chinaman in the shoulder.

He gave a wild yell, lost his balance and pitched into the cellar, landing on the floor in a heap near the detectives.

"Got him!" chuckled Harry.
 "Then here's our chance to get out of here. Get up on my shoulder again, cling to the edge of the trap with your hands, and I'll climb up your body, get on the floor above, pull you up, and we'll leave Sam here a prisoner until we can cart him away."

CHAPTER XVII.

SAM WAH COMES TO GRIEF.

"Hark! What's that?"
 "Footsteps on the floor above."
 "See any one else in this cellar?"
 "Not a soul except ourselves, Old King Brady."
 The detectives had reached the cellar above the vault and found a lamp there which Sam Wah had set on the floor.

It was an ordinary cellar, filled with rubbish.
 Down in the vault the wounded Chinaman began to yell, and fearing his voice might be heard, Harry slammed down the trapdoor.

That smothered the sound completely.
 They kept silent for a quarter of an hour.
 Below they could hear Sam swearing, groaning and yelling, but his voice was so smothered that there was very little probability of anybody else hearing it.

Convinced at last that no one would disturb them, Harry said:

"We can venture up those stairs in the corner now."
 They stole over toward the stairs.
 Up they went as quietly as two shadows.

Reaching the top, they cautiously pushed open a door, and peering out, observed the rear room of a tea store.

It contained some tables and chairs, occupied by a number of Chinamen who were playing fan-tan.

Harry counted fully twenty of the yellow fiends in the room, and noted with what intense avidity they were playing.

It occurred to the boy that the reason they had not heard the pistol shot and yells in the cellar was because they were so intensely absorbed in the game they paid no heed to anything else.

"It's some of the bunch who tackled us in the street," the young detective whispered.

"We must give them a sudden and effective scare, then get out in the midst of their excitement," replied the old detective.

"Start the ball rolling."

Old King Brady struck the door with a violent crash that sent it flying open, and rushed into the room yelling:

"Give it to them. Fire a volley!"

"Let her go!" replied Harry, following him. "We'll stampede them!"

Then they blazed away with their pistols, sending shot after shot, and the whistling bullets smashed the lamp chimneys and window panes, knocked down the tin canisters, and in an instant there was such a furious din going on that the Chinese gamblers were horrified.

At the first note of alarm they ceased playing.
 Then they sprang to their feet and glared around.

Seeing the prisoners escaping, armed with revolvers, and

hearing the furious fusillade of shots, made them think they were going to get killed.

Next a pause seized them.

A wild rush for the exits was made.

Off they rushed in different directions, every one so terror-stricken that they never paused until they were concealed from the view of their awe-inspiring pursuers.

Once out of the store the detectives paused.

Firing the few remaining shots over the heads of the Mongolians to keep them moving, they glanced at the building.

It was an old structure in Mott street.

The noise of the men and weapons aroused the whole neighborhood, and brought a number of white men and policemen to the scene.

Observing two men in full-dress suits standing in the middle of the street firing pistols at the Chinamen made every one believe that a couple of drunken swells were on the rampage.

It never dawned on any one's mind that they were a pair of detectives endeavoring to save their lives.

One of the policemen rushed up to them, yelling angrily:

"Hey, you fellers, stop that, or I'll run you in!"

"Will you?" cried Old King Brady. "Well, you won't. Moreover, you'll draw your own gun and stand guard over the door of that shebang until we go in again and pull out a prisoner we've got in there. Just cast your eye on these detective badges, and be convinced of our identity, old man. Call your friends, for we're in need of help at once. You might send for an ambulance, too, as our man is wounded."

The policeman laughed and peered into their faces.

"I see," he remarked, altering his demeanor, "you're the Bradys."

He spoke to the rest.

The detectives re-entered the store.

Finding a ladder, they carried it down into the cellar.

The lamp was still burning there, and they opened the trap, and lowering the ladder, they went down to Sam Wah.

He was in a great state of excitement.

Although he only had a flesh wound, he imagined it was going to kill him, and it made him very weak.

"Poo' Sam Wah!" he kept whining. "Soon die, allee samee."

"We'll fetch you to the hospital and have you cured if you will tell us where we can find Fred Thorn," said Harry.

"Me git better?" eagerly asked the Chinaman.

"Yes, under medical treatment. You'll soon get well if we send you to the hospital. But if you don't tell us where Thorn is, why, we'll leave you here to die like a dog!"

"No leavee!" implored Sam, quickly.

"Then you'll tell?"

"So be. He gone home to-night. Makee girl mally he, for sure, so she dlop inee liver from boat likee ole man."

"When did he go there?"

"Half hour ago."

"We must get right up there," hurriedly said Old King Brady, with a worried look upon his face. "That opium fiend will surely try to carry out his plan now, thinking we are out of his way forever. As we know Dolly Remington absolutely won't marry the villain, it's safe to say Thorn will try to murder her in order to inherit her money."

"You go up, and I'll take care of this chap."

"Very well. Come—we'll get him out of here."

They carried him up out of the sub-cellar to the street, and found an ambulance just dashing up with a furious ringing of its gong.

The police were keeping back the enormous crowd that gathered, and the surgeon examined Sam Wah.

His wound was dressed, and when Harry explained all the circumstances he was put in the wagon, and accompanied by Young King Brady, was whirled rapidly away.

They put him in the prison ward of the hospital, and Harry sent for Ah Sing, the court interpreter.

A plot was hatched between them to wring a confession from Sam Wah by playing upon his fears.

The doctors were taken into their confidence.

They then approached Sam, and the doctor examined him and pretended that he was going to die unless he did as he was told.

Then the interpreter got at him.

Sam was worked up into a nervous frenzy.

And when Harry left the hospital he had evidence enough in his pocket to convict Fred Thorn of the atrocious murder of his stepfather.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

Old King Brady went out into Chatham Square, hired a cab, and rode up to the Remington residence on Twenty-seventh street.

There he dismissed the vehicle.

Glancing up at the house, he observed a light in the parlor window, but when he peered in no one met his view.

He was tempted to ring for admittance, but another idea flashed across his mind, and he went around to the rear.

Reaching the back shed, he climbed upon it.

Lifting the window sash, he quietly stepped into the room. This was hardly accomplished when he heard voices raised to an excited pitch coming from upstairs.

Old King Brady listened.

"You clear out of here!" he heard Dolly exclaim, angrily.

"I won't!" cried the familiar voice of Thorn, in ugly accents. "You refuse to wed me, but that won't baffle my plans."

"Fred, I've told you I hate you for killing my father."

"But I didn't. The detectives lied."

"I'm going to call out the window for the police."

"I'll kill you if you dare!"

There sounded the rush of footsteps, then there came a hoarse, stifled shriek from the girl, and Old King Brady made a rush to get up into the library to her assistance.

"Let go of me!" he heard Dolly cry.

"Not till I throw you out the window!" hissed the man. "People will think you died by accident, and I'll get your money anyhow."

Again the girl cried out.

Just then Old King Brady rushed into the room.

He saw Thorn trying to push the struggling girl out through the open window with one hand, while with the other he held a vise-like grip on her white throat.

"Stop, you dog!" shouted the detective, as he rushed forward toward the struggling pair.

Thorn saw him and fairly yelled in tones of horror:

"It's Brady!"

"Release that girl!" roared the detective.

And banling off he dealt the man a crushing blow in the face with his fist that sent Thorn reeling.

Dolly fell to the floor in a faint.

A terrific struggle ensued between them.

The villain fought with the strength of despair, but he was no match for the powerful old detective.

The battle for supremacy only lasted a few minutes between them ere Old King Brady got Thorn at his mercy and handcuffed him.

When the girl was revived the detective took his prisoner away and had him locked up in the nearest jail.

On the following day Harry showed his partner Sam Wah's confession, and to settle the case they went to Chinatown and succeeded in arresting most of the Chinamen implicated in the Remington murder case.

Thorn was put on trial for the murder.

He made an effort to establish an alibi he had manufactured, but the evidence of Pat Muldoon disproved it.

Then Sam Wah's confession was produced, and the Chinaman testified that Thorn was known to the Chinese as Kwan Su.

Hen Chow and Jim Kee turned on him and helped to convict him.

In short, such clear and direct evidence of his guilt was produced that he was quickly proven guilty.

He was executed.

Sam Wah and the rest of the yellow fiends of the opium joints were sent to prison for long terms.

Mr. Remington's body was recovered from the river and was buried with the head, after which his will was executed.

Dolly inherited his fortune.

The great detectives did not remain idle long after they had brought that case to a successful finish.

Our next number will contain an account of the new case they were assigned to, and we trust it may please our readers.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS AND THE PRETTY SHOP GIRL; OR, THE GRAND STREET MYSTERY."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

Kansas is making mollycoddles of its hogs. The propaganda that the State has been working on for cleanliness in fools has actually been extended to the swine, and Kansas proposes to give the hog a bath every morning and a pen as clean as a kitchen. All this comes from the result of some experiments at the Kansas Agricultural College showing that a contented hog will put on three pounds of fat while the unhappy one is collecting two on the same amount of food.

A jury is trying to discover what caused "Miss You'll Do," a Jersey cow, to lose her tail on a steamboat between Louisville, Ky., and Cincinnati. Holden Bros. value the cow's tail at \$1,200 in their suit against the Pittsburgh, Louisville and Cincinnati. The animal was bought in Louisville, and it was the intention of the stockmen to exhibit her for prizes at fairs. They declare the cow had her tail when placed aboard the boat, but upon her arrival here was minus her rear switch.

The drain of cavalry horses from this country continues, a dispatch from Baker, Ore., of Nov. 21 reporting that eastern Oregon is being combed for horses for the French army. Five thousand horses are to be assembled in Baker by Robert Jones, of Weiser, Idaho, who has induced horsemen, through liberal offers, to bring in their mounts from a radius of hundreds of miles. Three hundred horses were accepted the first day, \$125 being the average paid for broken range horses.

An exceptionally large number of wolves have been killed in Keweenaw County, Mich. The board of supervisors at its last regular meeting authorized the payment of \$250 in bounties. Even Manitou Island, off Keweenaw Point, in Lake Superior, has been invaded by the animals. Two wolves have been killed there within the last fortnight by fishermen. The island seems to be rid of the deer placed there by the State game warden's department two years ago. Rabbits also have apparently disappeared. The biggest wolf dispatched in Keweenaw County in years was killed near the Cliff mine recently by August Raisanen. The carcass weighed 100 pounds.

A firm in Milwaukee has just put on the market a bit of apparatus by means of which any bicycle can be converted into a motorcycle in a few minutes. It is called the motor wheel. It consists of a gasoline motor mounted on a wheel with a pneumatic tire. This wheel is mounted beside the rear wheel of the bicycle and fastened to the frame by a flexible mounting which prevents it from tending to support the bicycle or affect its balance. The power from the motor drives the wheel, its own weight on the ground affording sufficient traction to push the bicycle. The motor wheel weighs less than fifty pounds; it transmits no vibration to the rider and will drive a bicycle more than 100 miles with one gallon of gasoline.

A bow snake which escaped from the stage of the West Branch Y. M. C. A. during a lecture by Prof. Frank G. Speck of the University of Pennsylvania was captured after it had accomplished a two-flight climb to the dormitory floor. Prof. Speck had dubbed snakes "the only true hygienic pets" as opposed to guinea pigs, and had handed the specimen to one of the audience to hold when it wriggled away. The lecture halted until frightened women could be induced to descend from the chairs. The snake remained uncaptured all night, but was caught the next morning by one of the maids on the third or dormitory floor. It had wriggled up two flights of stairs unseen and remained undetected among the sleeping quarters of the lodgers all night.

Excitement of hunting llamas in the Andes pales into insignificance beside the thrills of getting Woodward's goat, according to Harry Scott and William Lenigan, employees of C. T. Smith's livery, who were heroes of an exciting goat hunt on downtown streets, Beloit, Wis. Jack Murphy is a black billygoat, the property of young Billy Woodward. Jack decided to stroll and have a look at the town. Downtown pedestrians were surprised at Jack's sightseeing antics in the center of the business section. "I thought Lawrence took home Beloit's goat last Saturday?" said one man. "They shouldn't allow this kind of property abutting on a main street," commented another. And all the time Jack was getting fresher and butting right in, making acquaintances with women on the street. Finally his keeper appeared on the scene. The goat looked sheepish and made a dash. A wild chase followed through the business streets before Lenigan and Scott, aided by bystanders, finally succeeded in getting Jack back to his apartments in the livery stable.

It has been proved that the comparatively harmless bombarding, so far as wounds are concerned, of a besieged town is terribly demoralizing to the bravest men. When a shell bursts near a group of twenty men, it may kill one and wound two, while the remaining seventeen escape without a scratch. It will be found, however, that many of these are never the same men again. No matter how iron-nerved they were before, they are now irresolute and timid, and all their faculties are weakened. Very often they are jeered at by their comrades because of this change. But this is utterly unjust—in fact, their brain and spinal cord have been injured by being violently shaken against the walls of their bony cavities. The same thing occurs in railway collisions. People who were robust become quite feeble and nervous, though they may not have received a scratch. This curious state in the case of soldiers is well recognized by doctors under the name of the mental injuries of explosive. The injuries are really quite as physical as a shattered leg, for they consist of a kind of bruising of the very delicate tissue of the spinal cord and brain.

The Owls of the Owl House

—OR—

THE BOAT BOYS OF NEW YORK BAY

By TOM FOX

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. BARNDOLLAR KEEPS ON TALKING.

"Have they gone, Joe?"

"I don't hear anything of them, Mr. Barndollar. I think they must be all gone."

"Then let us make a quick rush for the road, for as I happen to know the Owls are due here to-night."

"More smuggling?" asked Joe.

"Yes, more smuggling. There is one of our—I mean a steamer coming in, whose captain is a friend of the Owls. A few goods to be run off. Never mind about that, boy. It doesn't always pay to know too much, and we have a lot on our hands to do to-night."

"He has been in with the smugglers right along, I'll bet," thought Joe. "I wonder what made them turn against him? Best thing I can do, though, is to mind my own business and stand in with him until I've seen the end of all of this."

Mr. Barndollar was still in the secret passage, and Joe at the top of the ladder looking about Uncle Ike's little den.

He opened the door, but could see no one as he looked around, for the boat boys were all in the Owl House now.

Then for the first time Joe discovered that Uncle Ike's bottles were all empty and everything covered with dust.

"The old man has cleared out," he thought as he helped Mr. Barndollar up the ladder.

"The coast is all clear, sor," he said, aloud, as he pulled the old millionaire out through the trap door; but Mr. Barndollar himself never spoke a word until they were away from the fishing-box altogether and out upon the road.

"Look at the Owl House!" he said, then. "See the light!"

A bright light flashed across the windows for a moment, and then disappeared.

"It's the smugglers," said Mr. Barndollar. "They have come at last. My brother's body will be found now. Heavens, what a row there will be when they find that he is dead and we have disappeared! Never mind, though, Joe. Those fellows have had their day at the Owl House. Just let me get through with this business and get home again and I'll raze the old roost to the ground; but remember one thing, boy, never a word about the Owls to a living soul or you will find New York too hot a town to hold you. That is all I ask of you, Joe, and in return, if

I do nothing else I will promise to make the bank money good."

"I'll promise," replied Joe, "but may I ask one question, seeing that you seem to know all about the Owls?"

"Ask as many questions as you wish," replied Mr. Barndollar, impatiently, "but I shall only answer such as I choose."

"Who robbed me? Who got the bank money the second time?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Joe; but remember, it was only what I was told by my brother and you can take it for what it is worth. Jim was as big a liar as ever walked the earth, and what he told me may not be true. You were robbed, first, by two of the Owls, whose names I won't mention, for although I know them, I am not going to give them away for reasons of my own. The trap was set for you by putting Madam Rentz in your way, and when the crowd collected the robbery was easily accomplished."

"I know all that," said Joe. "It's the second time I am talking about."

"The second time you were robbed by my brother himself," continued Mr. Barndollar. "Madam Rentz got the money. She is not as crazy at times as she is at others. She knew you had been robbed, and with that slyness which some mad people possess she watched her chance and caught Jim napping. He had the money in his coat-pocket. It was to be divided among the Owls that night. Madam saw him throw down his coat for a moment, and she made the most of her opportunity while his back was turned. She gave you the money and you very foolishly went to McTighe's sailor's crib to sleep, with your friend. Jim had no trouble in tracing you there. As for the rest, an Owl flew in at your window, chloroformed you and that other boy, took the money and left you the wallet and checks, which he could not use, putting confederate bills in place of the good ones, so that you did not immediately notice your loss. How well the plan worked you probably know better than I."

"It worked so well that I never suspected it until Mr. Bayliss opened the wallet at the bank," sighed Joe.

"Well, never mind. Think no more about it, boy," said Mr. Barndollar. "You stick to me and you will soon find yourself on the other side of all your troubles. There is important work to be done, Joe, and after it is done I may have something to tell you that will surprise you, boy. Come, we must hurry on!"

They had been hurrying pretty well as it was, while all

His talk was going on, and they had now covered quite a distance along the road to South Beach, leaving the Owl House and Madam Rentz's cottage far behind.

Joe began to wonder where they were going, but as Mr. Barndollar, who went forging ahead with long strides, did not seem much inclined to talk, he did not like to ask.

It was a dismal night. From the first the sky had been all clouded over and now a strong east wind set in and it began to rain a bit.

"Boy, there is considerable of the tramp about you!" exclaimed Mr. Barndollar at last. "Why don't you ask where we are going? You must have some curiosity. Do you trust me so implicitly when the little you know about me is anything but to my credit, it can't be denied?"

"I told you I would trust you," said Joe, "and when I say I'll do a thing, why, that's enough."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Barndollar. "You won't regret it, boy. Well, here we are."

They had come in front of a large, old-fashioned mansion, standing well back from the road and well concealed by trees.

This also was Mr. Barndollar's property, as Joe was to learn later. For a long time it had stood vacant and no one in the neighborhood was aware that it was occupied now.

Such, however, seemed to be the case, for as soon as Mr. Barndollar pulled the bell a slight noise like the opening of a shutter was heard overhead.

"It's me," said Mr. Barndollar, in a deep voice, entirely unlike his own, but which Joe instantly recognized as strongly resembling the voice of the Owl-man.

"All right, boss," came the answer; "I'll come down and let you in."

"How is she—quiet?" Mr. Barndollar called up.

"Quiet nothing," was the reply. "She is raising the deuce all the time. If she only had the strength she would kill me, that's what she would!"

Then the blind was closed and presently a light was seen behind the door, which was opened by an old colored woman.

Mr. Barndollar and Joe immediately stepped inside.

"Hyar! You hain't de boss!" cried the woman, nearly dropping the lamp. "You'se de old man!"

"So you know me, Sukey. Well, you ought to!" growled the millionaire. "No words, now. I'm master here, as you well know; as for the boss, as you call him, you will never see him again. Show me at once to the room."

"Spears I hev to, Massa Barndollar. Golly! hope nossin' ain't happened to Massa Jim."

"He's dead, that's all!" again growled the millionaire. "No talk, now. Stick to me and there will be no trouble for you, whatever happens."

"Sukey" led the way up to the floor above and threw open the door of the rear chamber.

The room was well furnished, and though but dimly lighted with a shaded lamp, Joe could see the figure of old Madam Rentz lying on the bed.

"Oh, it's you! It's you, is it?" she screamed, half turning herself. "Go away, you fiend! Go! You are worse than Jim. You are at the bottom of making me a prisoner here!"

"Hush, Jane! Don't be a fool. See who I have brought you!" Mr. Barndollar exclaimed.

Madam Rentz gave a piercing scream and held out her arms toward Joe.

"My son! My son!" she cried, and then fell back on the pillow as though dead.

"Heavens! she has fainted!" cried Mr. Barndollar. "Go to her, Joe. For once the old lunatic is right. You are her son!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BOAT BOYS ON THE WATCH.

If what Mr. Barndollar said was true, then Joe Bates had made a great discovery, and his friends, the boat boys, as they turned to listen to "Soldier" Smitz's startling communication, thought they had done the same.

But there was not time for the boys to investigate if the Owls of the Owl House were really close at hand.

"We want to moosey out of this right lively!" cried Nat Smith. "No use for us to get caught here, boys, that's what!"

"Blame nuisance!" growled Will Claney. "Just as we made our big discovery, too. We want to be sure those fellows are coming here before we quit."

"Sure!" cried Soldier Smitz. "Why, they were turning in to the float when I came up. If you don't move pretty blamed lively you won't get a chance to go at all."

"Too late, now!" cried Jerry Ryan, in a sepulchral whisper, rushing in just in time to hear this last remark. "They are in the house now. They are right on top of us. What in thunder shall we do?"

Irving shut off his lantern.

"Make for the garret, boys!" he whispered. "There's a lot of old boxes up there; we can hide behind them easy enough."

And that's where the boat boys were when a moment later some seven or eight rough-looking men came into the room below.

All but Irving.

He crouched at the opening between the cork partition and the floor.

"Blame it all!" cried a gruff voice. "Who has been mussing around here?"

"To leave the partition up!" cried another. "It looks bad. Say, we had better slope. That's detectives' work."

"Detectives nothing!" was the reply. "Haven't the detectives been nosing around here for the last two weeks? Has one of them tumbled to what that windlass upstairs is really for? Don't you believe it's detectives. Some of the boys have been here loaded, and that's the result."

"Uncle Jim, for one," said another voice. "Where is he? I'll bet you what you like he is responsible for this. I tell you, brothers, we made a big mistake when we listened to that old crook with his talk about diamonds and rubies and pearls, and all them things. Our bad luck began when we tried to turn this house into a jail. We oughtn't to have gone back on old Barndollar. We ought to have stuck to our regular biz: but now, just as soon as Uncle Jim comes back, we must turn highwaymen. Twasn't right. We hadn't never orter robbed that boy."

(To be continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

BOYS KILL BEAR AND CUB.

Hunting near Newberry, Mich., with hardly an expectation of finding game any larger than partridge, Charles and Leo Smith, Newberry boys, accompanied by a small dog, were surprised to see a black bear cub in a tree. The animal was promptly shot. No sooner had the carcass tumbled to the ground than the mother bear appeared, growling savagely. Bruin was attacked by the dog. The youngsters blazed away with their guns loaded with fine shot. With a bellow of rage the bear made for the lads. The boys stood their ground, recharged their guns, this time with buckshot, and fired again. The bear fell lifeless.

ATE 5,000 STOLEN PIES.

The world's greatest pie eater was unearthed recently in Garfield, N. J. In four short months he has, according to the indignant former owner of the pies, consumed: 1,000 apple pies, 1,000 mince pies, 500 peach pies, 500 cocoanut pies, 1,500 miscellaneous pies; or, turning from the artistic to the material, pies worth just \$1,024.15.

This standing broad pie eater, whose record Garfield offers to the world, is John Kassica, according to Karol Kliczinki, a Passaic baker, who thinks John's talents constitute a menace to society and consequently has had him arrested.

Kliczinki said Kassica had been in his employ from June to October, and it was not until after he left that the baker discovered he had been entertaining a gustatory genius. Investigation showed him, he said, that John had been eating pie for breakfast, dinner and supper, with a few thrown in for morning and afternoon snack. John, with the effectiveness and determination of a German army machine, and without any ostentation at all, had been devouring about forty-one pies a day for one hundred and twenty days.

Kassica denies he possesses the extraordinary talents ascribed to him. He was arrested, however, and will go to the grand jury.

BULLET WOUNDS.

The bullet covered with hard nickel now in use makes the surgeon's task very simple, as a rule, says Answers. Formerly, when large bullets of soft lead were used, the soldier's lot was not a very happy one. These often broke up inside the body, shattered bones, and frequently remained embedded in the muscles, bones and other parts.

The result was slow-healing festering wounds which kept the soldier ill for a long time. The modern, long, slender bullet generally passes through the body without doing any vital injury. Even when it goes through the intestines, the stomach, the kidneys, etc., the wound closes without any very serious after-consequences. A good deal,

however, depends on circumstances. If the soldier's stomach is empty—as it generally is in a battle—so much the better for him when he gets a bullet through it.

When he is tired and half-starving, however, the shock is very great, and he may become utterly helpless from a slight wound. A curious fact, difficult to explain, is that a bullet fired at a range of 300 to 600 yards has more penetrating power than one fired at a range under or over that distance. In the former case it passes through the bone without doing very much damage; in the latter it shatters the bone and makes recovery slow. A ricocheting bullet causes a very bad wound as a rule. Small as it is, if a bullet strikes a large bone, like the hip, it gives a blow like that of a crowbar.

We are hearing a great deal about dum-dum bullets in this, as in all wars, both sides making charges against one another. The probability is that neither side is using them. The bullet now in use consists of a core of lead covered with a hard nickel case.

AUSTRALIA BUILDS ITS PARLIAMENT A PALACE.

When the time comes for the transference of Australia's national Parliament from its present temporary abode in Melbourne to the Federal capital city of Canberra, there will be a palace waiting to receive it. Recognizing the great possibilities of the commonwealth, and the probability that there will be an increased number of members sent to the national Parliament, provision is being made in the new building for accommodating 300 members in the House of Representatives and 150 in the Senate. At present there are only thirty-six members in the Senate and double that number in the House of Representatives.

While the ultimate cost of the building may be expected to exceed \$5,000,000, only a quarter of that amount is set down as the first expenditure. The fact that women have the vote in Australia and are eligible for election to the Federal Parliament is not overlooked in the construction of this palace. The means of access to the chambers are to be so designed that all members may be able to respond to a call on three minutes' notice. Approximately 8,000 square feet of space will be set aside for the use of the public in the building, and the libraries are to be constructed in a way that will allow of considerable expansion, and with space for 250,000 volumes, 5,000 volumes of newspapers and 50,000 volumes of documents. Public accommodation will include reading rooms, studies and correspondence rooms.

So that members may obtain recreation, 11,500 square feet of space is being devoted to billiard and other rooms. For the official reporting of the doings of the Parliament about twenty rooms will be set apart. Both chambers, the Senate and the House of Representatives, are to be within easy access of each other.

BILLY, THE BOX BOY

— OR —

BOSSING A BAD SHOW

By PERCY B. ST. JOHN

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XVII (continued)

Thus Billy felt that if he could only get into Bloomfield everything would be all right, which made him all the more anxious to dodge the party at the bridge.

But to move a show—even as bad a one as Billy Hunt was bossing—is a slow and tedious matter.

There was always the chance that the enemy was watching them, and might pounce down upon them at any time.

For that reason Billy, with Johnson and Jerry Rickers, took Sandy and started off ahead.

Wilfred Wilkington, with four or five horses, went with them and they made good time to the point where they were to turn off upon the cranberry marsh.

Here they paused to let Sandy decide what was to be done next.

This was quite necessary.

Elephants always know their business, or are supposed to.

While the farmer who gave Billy points on the road assured him that the trail across the marsh was perfectly safe for the horses, he would not guarantee that it would bear an elephant.

Johnson ran ahead and examined it a part of the way, and, coming back, reported that it was all right.

Still the decision must rest with Sandy, and the way they took to get at it was to start Wilkington ahead with the horses.

Billy and Jerry Rickers, on their horses, followed.

Johnson sprang upon Sandy's neck and sat there without making a move.

Would the elephant take the path?

This remained to be seen, and Mr. Sandy seemed to be in no hurry to decide, for he stood there, tossing his trunk, as much as to say:

"You fellows can go dodging around as long as you like, but I don't know whether it is safe for me or not!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ACCIDENT AT THE BRIDGE.

"Come on, Sandy!" shouted Billy. "Come on!"

"Let him take his time, Billy," said Johnson. "You may be able to boss this bad show of ours, but I'll be

blamed if you or any other man can boss Sandy in a case like this."

After a while Sandy made up his mind.

First he would raise one foot and then the other, but he always put them down in the same place until suddenly he started off on the meadows with a slow and cautious tread.

"Bully for Sandy!" shouted Wilkington. "He'll go all right now, Billy. You may as well come on."

"How is it, Johnson?" called Billy.

"He'll go," replied Johnson, "and I think you will find that he has made no mistake."

The keeper was right.

Although the trail was pretty soft in some places, and the elephant sank in to his hocks, he was always able to pull his feet out again and he put it through, all right, to the bridge which spanned the creek.

Here they all halted.

The creek was very full. It was really nothing but an arm of the ocean which could be seen in the distance, beyond a long line of white rollers breaking on the beach.

It was ebb tide too, and the water was rushing rapidly along the creek which soon, no doubt, would be shallow enough.

"Well," Billy called to Wilkington, "what's the trouble, now? Why don't you go on?"

"Why, look at the bridge!" replied Wilkington. "It might bear the horses, although I doubt it; but it never would bear the elephant. You can see that for yourself."

Instead of answering, Billy rode the cream-colored pony across.

The bridge was old and shaky, and trembled even under the pony's weight.

"I don't know about it!" he exclaimed, turning and riding back again. "It certainly does seem to be in pretty bad shape."

"It won't bear Sandy, that's a sure thing," said Johnson, "but I think you might get the horses across."

While they were talking about it a stylish road wagon, drawn by a handsome span of coal-black horses, was seen coming toward them over the marsh.

"Hold on till this fellow gets across," said Billy. "We'll see how the bridge stands up under him."

On came the stranger at a rapid pace.

As he drew near, Billy saw that he was a very peculiar and striking person.

A very large man, considerably over six feet high, with an enormous head of snow white hair and a white mustache, while his face was that of a man by no means old.

"Say, he's a big fellow, isn't he?" Billy exclaimed.

"Yes, and a dardy team he has got, too," added Jerry, the clown.

"He's rattling right ahead!" said Wilkington. "There isn't any doubt that he means to cross. I reckon he knows the road, and the bridge is stronger than it looks."

Perhaps the stranger did know the road, but it soon became evident that he knew nothing about the bridge, for as he drew near he reined in and shouted:

"Hello, there! Will the bridge bear my team, friends?"

"That's just what we don't know," replied Billy. "We are afraid to try the elephant on it ourselves."

"Ha! I should say you wanted to be careful," replied the stranger. "Elephants don't breed very thick about here. Where did you get the beast?"

"We are part of a show," replied Billy. "We are heading for Broomfield."

"Where are you from?"

"From South River, last."

"I'm going to Skadonk myself. This used to be considered the short cut to South River years ago, when I lived in these parts. The bridge was all right, then, but it seems to be rather shaky now."

"That's what it is, mister," said Wilkington. "I don't know whether to advise you to try it or not."

"Well, I don't want any advice," replied the stranger. "I'm a man capable of judging for myself. If one of you fellows will be good enough to come over here and hold my horses for me I'll soon decide."

Jerry went over and the stranger examined the bridge.

"The underpinning is rotten, and it certainly won't hold the elephant," he replied; "but I think it will bear my team, all right, and I should think your horses might cross safe enough, too."

"That's what I was thinking," said Billy. "I guess you are right. We will have to wait for lower water and then ford the elephant. It won't be long."

The stranger jumped in his buggy and started the team.

"Move the elephant a little over, friend!" he shouted to Johnson. "My horses may shy at him a bit, but I can hold them. All I want is e'low room."

This was what the stranger thought, but right there he was mistaken. He wanted a more secure foundation to hold his team, for no sooner had the horses struck the middle of the bridge than the whole crazy structure gave way under them.

"Look out! It's going!" yelled the clown, as though the unfortunate stranger could do anything to save himself.

Before the words were fairly out of Jerry's mouth the horses were floundering in the water, while the stranger had disappeared.

"Help him! Help him!" cried Billy. "Don't stop to talk!"

"Jerry, you stand by the horses!" yelled Wilkington. "I can save the team, I think!"

If Wilkington could not save the team, nobody could,

for the bareback man was most expert in everything connected with horses.

But who was to save the stranger?

He came up to the surface and was seen wildly struggling.

"Help me! Help me!" he shouted. "I can't do a thing to help myself. I can't swim a stroke!"

CHAPTER XIX.

RESCUED BY SANDY.

Billy ran down along the creek.

It was a question if any one could do anything for the stranger.

The water was running like a mill-race and the creek, although by no means wide, was very deep.

Billy was a pretty fair swimmer himself but then this man was a perfect giant and he did not see what he could do to help him.

No doubt the stranger would have been swept out of existence in a hurry if he had not by rare good luck managed to seize hold of a low-growing bush on a little muddy islet in the middle of the stream.

The islet was entirely under water and offered no foothold, but fortunately the bush was strong enough to bear his weight.

"Gracious!" cried Jerry. "What in the world are you going to do now?"

"How about the team?" yelled the stranger. "I'm lost if they come up against me. Help me! Save me and I'll pay you well!"

Wilkington was at work, and, as we mentioned before, he understood his business too.

He had made one leap into the creek, landing on the back of the near horse.

This was the time Wilfred Wilkington showed that when he was in shape to attend to his business he knew just what he was about.

Standing on the back of the horse, he cut the pole straps and let the buggy sink, which it promptly did.

Then still standing on the horse he got hold of the reins and was whirled down the creek, past the bush to which the stranger clung, and so on toward the sea.

"Look out for the man, fellers," he shouted, as he went past. "I can attend to the horses! I'll get them out all right!"

"If you do, and I live, it's a hundred dollars in your pocket, my friend!" the stranger shouted back.

"You'll live!" said Billy from the shore. "I'm going to get you out!"

"How can you do it?" was the answer. "There isn't one of you who can help me, I'm so big and heavy."

"Don't fret! There's one of us here who is bigger and heavier than you."

"Which one? I don't see it."

"Sandy! Bring Sandy down, Johnson!" shouted Billy. "He can reach him, I'm sure!"

(To be continued)

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New York

Canada will immediately increase the number of men under arms to 91,000, Premier Borden announced recently. Fifty thousand will be sent forward as requisitioned. Shortly 17,000 will be dispatched to England, and by a subsequent enlistment the total number will be brought up to 108,000 before the end of the year. The men who leave shortly include engineers, signal service and cycle companies, service corps, field ambulance, ammunition park and supply column.

Raymond Lucas, ten years old, may die of injuries he received at Oxford, Kan., when he was dragged back and forth across the Midland Valley tracks by a calf he had roped. He failed to untie the rope from his body before he caught the young animal. Cowboy roping exhibitions have led the boys to vie with each other in contests with the animal. One tried to rope a motorcycle rider and a serious accident was narrowly averted. Several boys have been suspended from school for attempting to rope everything from the teacher to the gate post.

The character of the armament of modern warships, which more and more requires a deck arrangement as unobstructed as possible, is having a direct effect upon the number of funnels carried by the vessels. It was possible in the case of the United States battleships Oklahoma and Nevada, through the adoption of oil fuel, to group

all the boilers under one stack. While the same thing has been found impossible in some classes of ships, in others of the boats it has been necessary in order to get a satisfactory arrangement with the four center line funnels. The original ships to employ a single funnel were the Spanish warships of the Espana type.

Abner Short, of Mountain Dale, Ark., is the champion watermelon eater of the world, without a doubt. Recently he offered to bet that he could eat two melons that together weighed seventy-five pounds. Two listeners told him to go ahead, and they would pay for the melons, provided he ate them, but if he failed he would have to pay for them, and pay them \$10 besides. Short agreed to these terms, and witnesses were summoned. The first watermelon was devoured in fifteen minutes. Then came the second, somewhat larger than the first. Short cleaned this one out in twenty minutes. As he tossed the last strip of rind away he looked the crowd over, and remarked: "Boys, I would like to have some watermelon; really, I am awfully fond of watermelon." Another large one was brought, and some one in the party offered to wager \$25 that Short would not be able to eat it, but he did, in less than twenty minutes, and as he had taken the last bet the \$25 was handed over to him. He suffered no ill effects from the feast.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

Isaac Miller, seventy-four years old, a member of the Bellefonte hunting party, out on the Alleghenies after deer, fell off a box in the hunters' tent and dislocated his left shoulder. So eager was he to get a shot at a deer that he refused to listen to the insistence of his friends that he come home, but strapped the upper part of his arm to his body and hunted all week. He walked six miles to the nearest settlement and was brought home, a distance of forty miles, by automobile. The arm was reset and he is little worse for the experience.

Mrs. Charlotte Kreinhagen, who lives in the White Creek German settlement, southwest of Columbus, Ind., has celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birth. The occasion was made a gala one by the people of the neighborhood. An outdoor picnic was held in Mrs. Kreinhagen's honor. She was born in Germany, but came to this country when a young girl. She has lived in the White Creek neighborhood 70 years. Mrs. Kreinhagen enjoys good health. She works in her garden, walks long distances and thinks nothing of performing duties that would seem tasks to women years her junior. She fell down a flight of stairs about a year ago and has not entirely recovered from the injuries.

The following incident, told by Evelyn Archer in the British Weekly, is given in the words of her uncle who made the observation: "I was sitting in my dining-room one summer's day reading, when I noticed that my neighbor's canary was hopping about the garden, and at the same time I saw a strange cat creeping stealthily up the path, ready at any moment to pounce on its victim. Thinking it was time to interfere, I opened the French windows, and was stepping out, when a big black cat sprang from the garden wall, and before I could reach the bird, had taken it in its mouth, and after a moment's hesitation brought the bird up to me for protection and laid it at my feet. I picked up the bird, expecting to find it bitten, but it was absolutely unharmed; and on restoring it to its lawful owners, I learned that the black cat also belonged to them, and had been brought up with the bird. Seeing the bird's danger, the cat had come to the rescue and saved it from the very jaws of death."

Large quantities of goldfish are grown for the export trade by Japanese dealers in the Yokohama district. The majority of these fish are shipped to San Francisco and Seattle for the local and Eastern markets. Approximately 100,000 goldfish are shipped annually from Yokohama to the United States, reports Deputy Consul-General G. J. Barrett, of Yokohama. There are four principal varieties of this fish available for export—namely, the ranchu, demekin, riukin and wakin. Of these, the ranchu is most in demand. It is not considered advisable to export these fish until they have reached the age of two years. The average life of the Japanese goldfish is seven years, although with exceptionally good care and attention they frequently live for ten years. Safety in transportation is the present problem confronting the dealer. Of extremely fragile and delicate construction, the fish often become bruised by the rolling motion of the ship and die in transit; usually 40 per cent become sickly and die before delivery is finally made to the American purchaser.

JOKES AND JESTS

Ethel used to play a good 'deal in Sunday-school, but one day she had been so good that the teacher said in praise: "Ethel, my dear, you have been a very good girl to-day." "Yeth'm," responded Ethel, "I couldn't help it. I dot a 'tiff neck."

Housekeeper—Come, now! clear out! I won't have—
Tramp—Please, mum, I only stopped to ask for a little information. Housekeeper—Oh, beg pardon! What is it you wish to know, sir? Tramp—At what time do you have dinner, mum?

Timid Youth—What do I have to pay for a marriage license? Facetious Clerk—Well, you get it on the installment plan. Timid Youth—How's that? Facetious Clerk—Two dollars down and most of your salary each week for the rest of your life.

Tourist—You have an unusually large acreage of corn under cultivation. Don't the crows annoy you a great deal? Farmer—Oh, not to any extent. Tourist—That's peculiar, considering you have no scarecrows. Farmer—Oh, well, you see, I'm out here a good part of the time myself.

Willie was doing penance in the corner. Presently he thought aloud pensively. "I can't help it if I'm not perfect," he sighed. "I never heard of but one perfect boy anyway." "Who was that?" asked his mother, thinking to point a moral. "Papa," came the silencing reply, "when he was little."

"Get away from here, or I'll call my husband!" threatened the hard-faced woman who had just refused the tramp some food. "Oh, no, you won't," replied the tramp, "because he ain't home." "How do you know?" asked the woman. "Because," answered the man, as he sidled toward the gate, "a man who marries a woman like you is only home at meal time."

SHATTERED BY THE FIRST STORM.

By Paul Braddon

At the ripe age of twenty-one Harry Melville decided to go into business on his own account.

"Wait until you are twenty-five," said Harry's prudent father.

"And lose four years!" returned Harry, almost with indignation. "It is folly."

"And gain ten," said old Melville. "The earlier a young man goes into business the oftener he has got to fail before he grows wise enough and strong enough for success. My advice is to wait until you are thirty. There will be ten chances in your favor then to one in your favor now."

Harry, however, considered his father old-fashioned and behind the times, and so let his prudent counsel go for naught. Harry had been three years in a city house, and considered himself fully posted up in business matters and quite equal to the common run of traders. Indeed, his talk on matters of trade was quite edifying, and an uninitiated listener could hardly have failed to give him credit for considerably more knowledge than was his due.

Harry Melville had ten thousand dollars left to him by an uncle. At twenty-one it came into his possession. Upon this sum he commenced business, in company with a young friend about his own age, and about equally experienced.

Ten thousand dollars in cash was something of a basis for credit; and, although our young traders expended twenty-five hundred in fitting up their place of business, they found no difficulty whatever in stocking it with more than all the goods they needed.

The times were propitious. Money was cheap. Everybody bought and everybody sold with scarcely the formality of inquiry as to the basis upon which confidence rested. In less than two years Melville & Morris were doing business at the fast rate of many thousands per annum, and making fabulous profits. To marry, and set up expensive domestic establishments, came as a natural result. Both the young partners committed this additional folly. To marry would have been well enough, if modest Prudence had smiled her quiet blessing on the rites. But, as it was, silly pride and weak ambition reigned triumphant.

Old Mr. Melville shook his head, looked grave, and remonstrated in private with his son; but Harry grew impatient at the old gentleman's narrow-minded interference, and finally requested him to waive the repetition of language that was only felt as an annoyance.

Of course the father was hurt, and did not go near his son again for some weeks. As a peace-offering, Harry bought a new house, for which he paid down one-half in cash, and gave bills for the remainder. With the title-deeds in his pocket, he called at the modest paternal residence.

Mr. Melville received his son kindly, yet not with the accustomed cordiality, for one or two sentences uttered during their last interview stung him severely, and the peace had not yet subsided.

"What are those?" asked the elder Mr. Melville, as

Harry laid upon a table before his father the title-deeds of the new house.

"Read them," was the smiling answer.

With a half-curious manner, Mr. Melville opened a broad parchment sheet. His eyes glanced hurriedly over the contents; but his face, instead of brightening, grew clouded.

"Explain this, Harry," he said, looking up at his son.

"Does it not explain itself, father?" said Harry.

"No!" replied Mr. Melville; and he shook his head to make his "no" still more emphatic.

"I have always looked forward to this time with a pleasure that words can hardly express," said Harry, leaning toward his father, and speaking with a sudden warmth of manner. "These papers are simply the title-deeds of a house which is yours. Take them as some small return for all that I owe you. A son's debt to a good father can never be wholly canceled."

Mr. Melville was touched by this act, and softened by the manner of his son. For almost a minute he sat with his gaze upon the floor. Then, looking up, he said, in a low voice that trembled with suppressed feeling:

"My dear boy, it pains me deeply to refuse what, in the generous impulse of your heart, is now so freely offered. But this house is not yours to give, and therefore honor and right compel me to decline its acceptance."

"Not mine to give!" exclaimed Harry. "Father, what do you mean?"

"It belongs to your creditors, Harry."

"My creditors!" said Harry. "Am I, then, only a bankrupt in your eyes? Father, this is too much!"

"You are scarcely two years in business, my son," said his father, "and now you propose to take from that business two-thirds of your original capital and put it into a house for me."

"But we have made above fifty thousand dollars," said Harry, "and are actually coining money in our business."

"Profits on paper, at best," answered the incorrigible old man. "But, my word for it, if the balance in your favor is so large, there is a mistake in the figures somewhere. The thing I regard as simply impossible. You are dashing ahead at too desperate a speed, my son, as I have before declared, and as sure as any disastrous change in the commercial world takes place you will be hurled suddenly to destruction."

In anger Harry parted with his father on that day. On the next his bills were all refused. He called, in surprise, upon the banker, to ask the reason. There was a stringency in the market, an unusual demand for money; depositors were drawing out heavily, and the bank was restricting its loans. This was the comfort he received.

He tried to borrow from accommodating neighbors, but everybody had been cut down or cut off at the bank, and so everybody was "short." A pulse of fear throbbed suddenly in the heart of Harry Melville. He looked to his bill-book and ascertained the amount which must be paid, before four o'clock on the morrow. The sum reached the uncomfortable aggregate of nearly fifteen thousand dollars, while the bank balance was below three thousand.

Young Melville considered himself a great financier. His self-confidence overleaped all possibilities and impossibilities. But the time of trial and proof had come now. Credit and confidence are sensitive things. When banks restrict, private discount houses take the alarm, and the price of money goes up to ruinous figures. So our young trader found it. Melville's financiering operations on that day were things for after remembrance; he has probably not forgotten them up to this time. By three o'clock his bills were all taken, but at a sacrifice fearful to contemplate.

After a glance at his bank-book for the next day, Melville started for his luxurious home to meet his dainty, fashionable wife, in a state of mind bordering on despair, for the next day's payments were nearly as heavy. He had seen and heard enough during the day's financial experiments to satisfy him that not one-half of the sum could be raised, and so a vague terror took the place of conceited self-confidence, and the frightened young trader, who had come in and gone out with such an elastic tread and proud bearing, entered his home with all his feathers drooping. So quietly had he come in that his wife failed to hear the familiar step in the passage. Wondering at her husband's long stay beyond the usual hour, she came downstairs, under the influence of a restless feeling. Entering the parlor, she started in sudden surprise and alarm, for there, reclining upon a sofa, was her handsome young husband, his pale face the image of despair.

"Oh, Harry, you are ill!" she exclaimed, flying across the room and dropping down on the floor in front of him.

"I am in trouble," was his choking reply.

"Oh, what has happened, Harry?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I am bewildered. Something has gone wrong in business. Oh, Florry, I have passed through a fearful day and there is no strength left in me."

What a change from the bold, business braggart of the day before! But Harry Melville was a mere dandy in trade. There was no muscle in the man, no reserved power, no elastic property. He had grown as a balloon grows, and, like a balloon, collapsed at the first sharp puncture.

What could a mere summer-blossom of a wife do to help a man in such an extremity? Nothing. She could weep, and wring her hands, and sob like a distressed damsel, but she had no comforting suggestions, no brave words, no hopeful sentiments to offer.

Did our young trader, after a period of cool reflection, take heart again? Did he go out on the next morning and nerve himself for another struggle with the difficulties which had so suddenly closed around him? No! Busy memory, through the remainder of that day and evening, supplied him with data enough to complete his total overthrow as a man of nerve and action. His boyish partner came to see him, and tried to re-inspirit him with brave words. But they were of no avail.

On the next day the bills of the firm were not met. An assignment followed, and, at the settlement of affairs, the creditors received a dividend of twenty cents on the dollar.

Just twenty-three years of age was Harry Melville when he shrunk back from his advanced position in the business and social world, a bankrupt, his name a word of reproach or contempt on hundreds of lips, and sought a hiding place with his helpless wife in the house of his father, whose predictions had been but too speedily fulfilled. His bark was shattered by the first storm.

Take the lesson to heart, ye too eager young men. The story is scarcely an exaggeration. Old Mr. Melville was entirely right in his counsel to his son. A business commenced at twenty-one, or even as early as twenty-five, without experience, is most certain to result in failure. The first thing a young man who hopes to succeed in the world needs to learn is economy in his personal expenditure. If, as a clerk or shopman, he spends his entire earning, and trusts to get into business by virtue of credit, the chances of failure are two to one against him. His habits of mind will tempt him to almost certain destruction.

ICE AND THE WAR.

The Russians have a saying that General January and General February are their best allies in the task of defending the Czar's empire. This saying, of course, calls to mind, first of all, the hardships inflicted upon invading armies by the rigorous Russian winter, as during the retreat of Napoleon's grand army from Moscow, and again during the winter campaigns of the Crimean war.

The situation with respect to naval warfare is, however, complicated by the fact that while many European ports are made inaccessible to an enemy by ice during the cold season, the same ice tends to immobilize the Russian fleet. Thus the advantage gained in defense is offset by a diminution in the powers of offense. These conditions must be reckoned with in the present war.

At this writing the German fleet and coast are threatened by the naval forces of Russia in the battle of the Baltic and those of Great Britain in the North Sea. To what extent this will be true during the winter will depend somewhat upon whether the season proves to be mild or severe. In the North Sea ice never offers a serious obstruction to steam navigation except—and then rarely—along the coasts and in the mouths of rivers. In the Baltic, much of the sea is choked by ice every winter, though conditions vary immensely from year to year and from place to place. Entrance to the principal ports, except in the extreme north, is, however, facilitated by the use of ice-breakers. Thus even in the Gulf of Finland, in March, 1899, the ice-breaker "Ermack" steamed through fixed ice, two to three feet in thickness, at the rate of six to eight knots, from the meridian of Reval to St. Petersburg, making a channel of her own width 160 miles long. January 16th to March 18th. All the German Baltic Kronstadt can be kept open during at least a part of the nominally closed season by artificial means, while Libau is naturally ice-free except in winters of most unusual severity. One of these exceptional cases was the winter of 1892-93, when Libau was closed to navigation from January 16th to March 18th. All the German Baltic ports are easily kept open to steamers by the use of ice-breakers when necessary.

GOOD READING

In an ancient cemetery just discovered near Mesa Rica, N. Mex., about 200 miles from Las Vegas, the bones of a giant were unearthed. The forearm is four feet long, and in the lower jaw are teeth which range from the size of a hickory nut to that of a large walnut.

Eastman Richards is a Creek Indian of Checotah, Okla. More than that, Mr. Richards is a very rich Indian—the richest Indian of the Creek Nation, and one of the richest Indians, no doubt, in the country. He draws the very tidy sum of \$1,500 a day from his oil wells, and he has recently decided that the most practical—as well as impressive—way to show that his wealth is the product of intelligence is by purchasing a motor car.

William Billstein, of Superior, Wis., is the proud possessor of a dog with a wooden leg. Last winter his pointer dog, Max, caught one of his hind legs in a steel trap. Before he was released it was frozen and had to be amputated. Since then various devices were tried, but none was successful until Billstein obtained the services of an expert artificial limb manufacturer. He built a miniature limb for Max, who is now “just as good as a new dog.” Billstein thinks Max will make just as good a showing in the hunting field as any dog.

Forty armored motor cars were ordered the other day by the Dominion government. This order is made up of twenty cars comprised in the offer of J. C. Eaton to equip a motor machine gun battery and of twenty cars to be paid for by the government. The gun on the cars of the Eaton battery is mounted on a revolving turret, protected by armor capable of withstanding rifle fire at 100 yards. Inside the turret there is space for five men, including three riflemen. The car also carries a tripod gun for field work.

The young Englishman, be he officer or settler in the east African highlands, cuts a hardy figure. His clothes are few and far between. A sun hat, a brown flannel shirt with sleeves cut above the elbow and open to the chest, a pair of thin khaki knickerbockers cut short five inches at least above the knee, boots and a pair of putties comprise the whole attire. Nothing else is worn. The skin, exposed to sun, thorns and insects, becomes almost as dark as that of the natives and so hardened that it is nothing to ride all day with bare knees on the saddle—a truly Spartan discipline from which at least the visitor may be excused.

A total of \$325 has been realized from potatoes grown on the High School Farm conducted by the students under the supervision of M. A. Russell, agricultural director of the city school, Ithaca, Mich. Seven hundred and seventy-five bushels of potatoes have been harvested, 625 bushels being sold to merchants and the remainder to pri-

vate individuals. The cabbage crop amounted to 1,400 heads weighing between six and seven pounds. About fifty boys were employed during harvesting and planting and about twenty-five took care of the farm during the summer. All were paid ten cents an hour. An acre of strawberries was planted last spring, which it is expected will bear fruit next spring. Alfalfa and clover were planted on a small scale for experimental purposes. The class is studying farm crops and soils.

The Department of State having been recently informed that persons entering Germany are required to bear passports with their photographs attached, and that it is advisable, if not absolutely necessary, for persons entering other belligerent countries to have photographs attached to their passports, has recently adopted the following regulation: “Each application for a passport must be accompanied by duplicate unmounted photographs of the applicant, not larger than by three inches in size, one of which is to be affixed to the passport by the Department and the other to be filed with the application. Photographs on cardboard should not be sent.” The Department is also telegraphing American embassies and legations in Europe to notify American citizens who now carry passports without photographs attached or consulates within two weeks and have their photographs attached, with impressions of the official seals of the offices in which they are attached. The diplomatic and consular officers have also been instructed to ask the bearers of passports what foreign countries they expect to visit and for what purposes, and to write upon the faces of their passports statements in accordance with their declarations.

When a loud explosion shook Chief O'Donohue's desk at police headquarters and echoed through the lower corridors of City Hall, Bangor, Me., people who had been reading of the latest bomb outrages in New York thought that the Black Handers had begun operations in Bangor. But it was merely the explosion of two half-pints of what passes for whisky in the woodsmen's boarding houses of Ward 1. A big seizure had been made and a lot of bottled stuff had been deposited in a box under Chief O'Donohue's desk pending the hearing of the cases. Next morning, as the Chief of Inspector Kinnide were seated at their desks, a report like that of a small cannon shook the place and raised a cloud of dust, while broken glass was scattered over the floor. It was found that two of the half-pint bottles had exploded. The neck of one was blown off and a hole was made in the side of the other. The odor was like that of a sulphite pulp mill or a drug store after a fire. The police were startled, but not at all surprised. Prohibition whisky has been known to explode before now. Plenty of very good whisky is to be had here, the recently inaugurated police crusade having turned out to be even a greater farce than any preceding it.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

CANADA GUARDS BORDER.

Extraordinary precautions have been taken to guard against a possible raid by Germans or German sympathizers across the Niagara River. A permanent guard of thirty militiamen has been stationed at Fort Erie, directly opposite Buffalo, and the whole river front from there to Niagara Falls and Queenstown is patrolled day and night by between 500 and 600 members of the newly-organized home guard regiments. Automobiles and motorcycles are used by the men on patrol duty.

These measures, it is said, were taken in response to demands from civic organizations along the Canadian side of the Niagara, who insisted, in communications to the Department of Militia, that a raid similar to the Fenian raid was not a remote possibility. Major-Gen. Sam Hughes, minister of militia and defense, recently paid a flying visit to the territory. Soon afterward the guard on the Welland Canal was doubled and the river patrol established.

WOMAN WINS BATTLE WITH HUGE RATTLER.

Rare presence of mind enabled Mrs. Si Turner, living near Eliza, Texas, not far from Milleen, Texas, to win a battle for life with a huge rattlesnake as her opponent. The woman was picking cotton in company with her husband when the rattler crawled under her clothing and reached her waist before she discovered it.

Promptly grasping the reptile through her garments, she held it in a position where it could not strike, calling to her husband for assistance. The latter cautiously worked his snakeship upward until he was able to grasp it around the neck and then began a battle royal. The man held on, however, the snake coiling itself around his arm and hissing in an ominous manner.

The woman, being freed from her perilous position, gathered a quantity of large stones which she placed close to her husband, who then flung the snake from him as far as possible, and the pair, seizing upon the ammunition provided, proceeded to stone it to death. Both escaped injury, but were mustrung by the experience. The snake was a large one with ten rattles.

GAME SCARCE IN WOODS.

While 3,000 hunters are scouring the woods in search of moose and deer, all sorts of pranks are being played by game animals within the city limits of towns along the Mesba Range, Minn.

Two small deer ran into the village of Buhl recently, dashed between a street car, an automobile and traction engine working on the new reservoir plant and bounded away in the forest. On the street car were several hunters returning empty-handed from the woods.

From Lake Vermilion news was received from Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Coates that the fine lawn tennis court at their summer home had been ruined by deer which ran through the grounds.

Out at the Franklin Mine on the eastern edge of Virginia, two boys, sixteen and seventeen years old, shot a bull moose with a 12-gauge single-barreled shotgun. The boys were coming in from the woods empty-handed after an all-day hunt for small game.

Novices hunting on Pelican Lake near Orr mistook a flock of tame ducks belonging to William Orr and potted the whole flock. There is no clue to the identity of the hunters.

Game Wardens George Wood and Frank McDonald penetrated the forest in the country north of Chisholm in their search for netters and illegal hunters and found a settler who was fattening two black bears on moose meat and venison. He said he intended to keep the animals for a while and sell them to city hunters at \$25 apiece. He said these hunters would take the bears behind the barn and shoot them. The settler was taken into court at Cook and fined for having moose meat and venison in his possession. He was allowed to keep the bears.

SHE CAN'T STAY AWAKE.

Of 400 patients in the Newark City Hospital, none has been giving the nurses and doctors less bother than Fanny Gurize, nineteen, of No. 109 Wall street, Elizabethport, N. J. She has been asleep ever since she arrived at the institution, with a few short interruptions.

In a sound slumber, she was found by a policeman in Broad street, Newark, and hurried to the hospital. In the receiving room she regained her senses long enough to tell her name and address, after which she rolled over and dozed off.

The next break came Thursday morning, but it was as brief as on the day previous. She awoke and outlined to the nurses just the sort of a dinner which would please her most later, and requested that her Thanksgiving meal be placed at the side of the bed.

The dinner was prepared, and upon the first intimation of awakening the patient gave the edibles were placed on a table beside the bed. Shortly the girl awoke and immediately began her dinner.

She had hardly got started when sleep again overcame her. The nurses and doctors waited and waited, but Fannie slept on and on until late Saturday afternoon. It was after a lapse of about fifty hours when she again opened her eyes, but this time she was able to remain conscious longer.

At her bedside were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Musina, with whom the girl lives. They told the hospital authorities that she has been afflicted for years with a sleeping ailment, the exact cause of which has never been determined.

She came from Poland about six years ago, and shortly after her arrival in this country she fell asleep and remained in that state for fourteen days. That occurred in Boston. What the patient's sleeping records or habits in Europe were are not known to her friends.

THE MORNING CIGARETTE.
The greatest trick
ever put out. A perfect
imitation of a smoul-
ding cigarette with bright red fire. It fools
the most discerning. Send 10c. and we will mail it.
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

SEE-SAW PUZZLE.

The most absorb-
ing puzzle seen for
years. The kind
you sit up half the
night to do. The
puzzle is to get
both balls one in each pocket.
Price, 10c.; 3 for 30c. by mail, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

TRICK MATCHES.

Consist of a Swedish safety
box, filled with matches,
which will not light. Just
the thing to cure the match
borrowing habit. Price, 5c.,
postpaid.

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TRICK CUP.

Made of natural white
wood turned, with two
compartments; a round,
black ball fits on those
compartments; the other
is a stationary ball. By a
little practice you make
the black ball vanish; a
great trick novelty and immense seller.
Price, 10c., postpaid.
WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

MINIATURE COMPASS CHARM.

A beautiful charm, to be
worn on the watch chain. It
consists of a true and perfect
compass, to which is attach-
ed, by a pivot, a powerful
magnifying glass. When not
in use the magnifying glass fits closely inside
the compass and is not seen. The compass is
protected by a glass crystal, and is hand-
somerly silver-nickel plated and burnished, pre-
sented a very attractive appearance. Here
you have a reliable compass, a powerful mag-
nifying glass, and a handsome charm, all in
one. It is a Parisian novelty, entirely new.
Price, 25c. by mail, postpaid.
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NEW YORK IN A NUTSHELL.

25 Colored Views of the
Big City in an English
walnut shell, prettily
hinged with ribbon, to
which a small tag is at-
tached. The nut con-
tains 25 beautifully litho-
graphed views of the
principal points of in-
terest in and around New
York City. You can ad-
dress the tag, put on a stamp, and mail it. A
nice souvenir to mail to your distant friends.
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One of latest and best
novelties on the market. It
adds and registers Nickels,
Dimes and Quarters put
through the same slot. It
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of Ten Dollars, and then
opens itself automatically.
One lever action does all the
work. Other banks only
hold one kind of coin,
whereas this one takes three
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is handsomerly finished, is
guaranteed mechanically perfect, operates with ease
and accuracy, and does not get out of order.
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RUBBER TACKS.

They come six in a box.
A wonderful imitation of
the real tack. Made of
rubber. The box in which
they come is the ordinary
tack box. This is a great
parlor entertainer and you
can play a lot of tricks
with the tacks. Place them
in the palm of your hand,
point upward. Then slap
the other hand over the
tacks and it will seem as
if they were flying off. Or you can
show the tacks and then put them in your
mouth and show them, making believe you
have swallowed them. Your friends will think
you are a magician. Then again you can
show the tacks and then quickly push one
into your nose or into your ear and draw it
out and show it. Absolutely harm-
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Fat and lean funny faces. By
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your features become narrow and
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and your phiz broadens out in
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3 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches, in a handsome imi-
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GLASS SCOPES.

This popular novelty is made of
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The improved Hu-
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will be found to be
the most enjoyable
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nickel plated, finely
polished; each put
up in a box with full
instruction how to
use them. Price,
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KANGAROO PADLOCK.

A handsome padlock stamped
out of polished steel. It locks it-
self when the hasp is pressed
down into the lock, but the puzzle
is to unlock it. You can instantly
unlock it with the key, but no
one not in the secret can unlock
it. You can slip the hasp through
a friend's buttonhole and force
him to wear it until you release
it, although he may have the key to the lock;
or a boy and girl can be locked together by
slipping the hasp through a buttonhole of
their clothing. Many other innocent and
amusing jokes can be perpetrated with it
upon your friends and acquaintances. It is
not only a strong, useful padlock, but one of
the best puzzles ever invented. Full printed
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It consists of the eyes, nose
and hair to make up a funny
old woman's face, using your
hand as the medium. The
box containing them has full
directions for making up the
comical old mug. Then you
use it as a subject for ventrilo-
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tones of your voice to make
the funny figure appear to
talk. Any child can use it
and create more fun than an actor on the
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For Quarters, Nick-
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registers. Quarter
Banks register 80
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Nickel Bank holds
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posits or \$20.00, and
the Penny Bank con-
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\$1.00. These banks
are about 4 1/2 inches
long, 4 inches high,
2 inches wide and weigh from 7-8 lb. to 1 1/2
lbs. They are made of heavy cold rolled steel,
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opened until the full amount of their capacity
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slot, and a lever is pressed, a bell rings. The
indicator always shows the amount in the
bank. All the mechanism is securely placed
out of reach of meddling fingers. It is the
strongest, safest, and most reliable bank made
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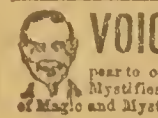
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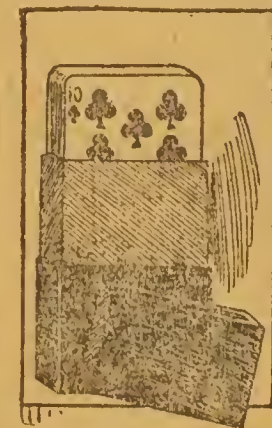


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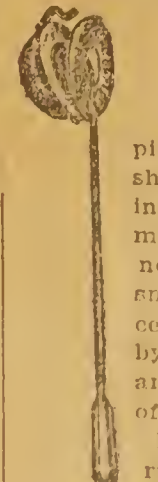
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It is a wooden, cigar-
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A beautiful and per-
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and sealskin leather;
worth a quarter as a
cigar case alone. It
can be shown full of
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who, upon opening it, finds only an empty
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Plain slap sticks, 25c.; extra ball
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Yards upon yards of laughs. Don't miss it! Everyone falls for this one. It consists of a nice little bobbin around which is wound a spool of thread. You pin the bobbin under the lapel of your coat, and pull the end of the thread through your button hole, then watch your friends try to pick the piece of thread off your coat. Enough said! Get one! Price, 12c. each, by mail. Postage stamps taken same as money. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

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It is labeled "Whiskey," but it contains a snake. If you have a friend addicted to drink, you can cure him of the habit with this bottle. Catch him with a "bun" on, hand him the bottle, and tell him to open it. When he complies, a long snake squirms out of the bottle in his hand, and he thinks he is seeing things. A sure cure for the jim-jams! It also affords no end of amusement among boys in various other ways. Price, 10c. each by mail.

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They consist of Jungle sets, Map and Seal of States, Good Luck cards, Comics, with witty sayings and funny pictures, cards showing celebrated person's buildings, etc. In fact, there is such a great variety that it is not possible to describe them here. They are beautifully embossed in exquisite colors, some with glazed surfaces, and others in matt. Absolutely the handsomest cards issued. Price 15c. for 25 cards by mail.

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This remarkable illusion consists of a simple, plain wooden panel, octagonal in shape, with no signs of a trick about it. The panel can be examined by any one; you then ask for a penny or silver coin and place it on the center of the panel; then at the word of command the coin immediately disappears. You do not change the position of the panel at any time, but hold it in full view of the audience all the time. The coin does not pass into the performer's hand, nor into his sleeve; neither does it drop upon the floor. The second illusion is as wonderful as the first; at the word of command the coin again appears upon the center of the panel as mysteriously as it went. We send full printed instructions by the aid of which any one can perform the trick, to the astonishment and delight of their friends. Price, 15c., 2 for 25c., by mail postpaid.

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Astonishing and surprising! Men, women, and children, they do it in the shortest time, and you watch them do it. Just get a set and read the results will startle your utterly mystify them. A genuine if you wish to have no end of am Price b C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New

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It consists of a small metal tube, 4 1/2 inches a lens eye-view, with a pretty ballet girl scene. Hand it to a will be delighted with picture, tell him to screw on the side of ment, to change the a stream of water a face, much to his su instrument can be water in an instant filling will suffice five victims.

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With a pair of the clinched on your sh defy the slipperiest No matter how s road or how steep these claws of steel you safely over the can adjust them in No nails, straps, rivets are needed. not injure your sh to remove them li ply fold the heel ward, reversing under the instep. comfortable, durable visible. Just the postmen, golfers woodsmen, braken and all who would insure life winter weather. 25 cents a pair. H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B

LOOK!

LOOK!

LOOK!

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The Elgin movements are warranted, 23-jewelled and adjusted. A distinct understanding goes with every watch that it cannot be duplicated at any jeweler's for less than \$25.00.

The watch is the latest style thin model, stem wind and set. It is of that medium size, exactly adapted to either a lady or gentleman. A more accurate time-keeper never was made. This offer expires February 1, 1915.



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